





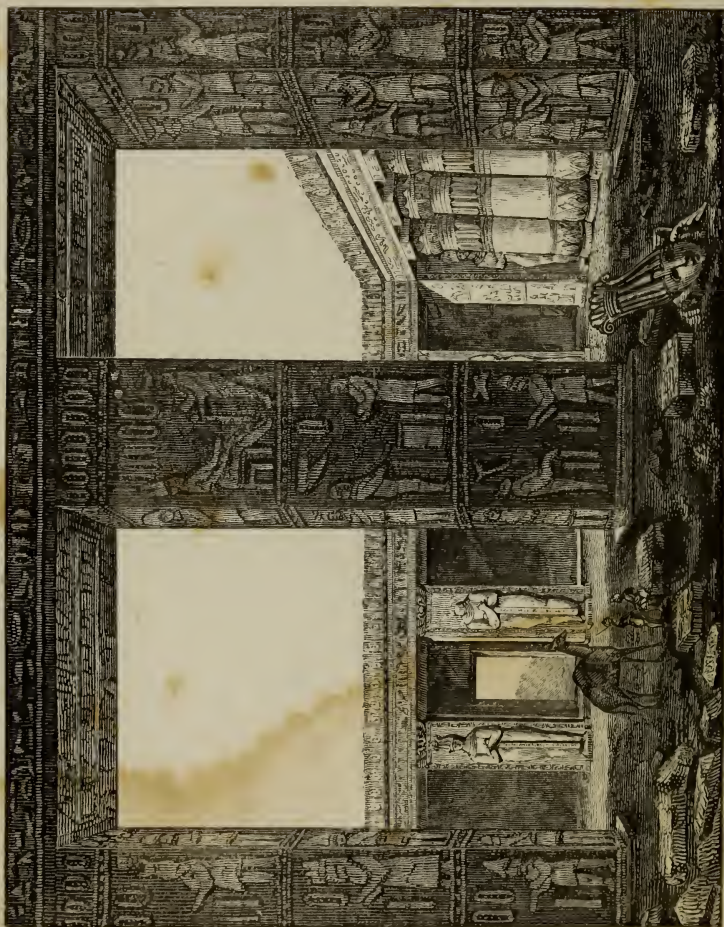
M. J. Gullerton.





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W. ROBERTS

Court in Temple of Medinet Habou. Thebes

JOURNAL

OF A

VOYAGE UP THE NILE,

MADE BETWEEN THE MONTHS OF

NOVEMBER, 1848, AND APRIL, 1849.

BY AN AMERICAN.

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PUBLISHERS' ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS graphic account of incidents and researches, on a voyage in 1848 and '49 was furnished for publication at the request of Rev. Francis L. Hawks, L. L. D., as an appropriate companion to his "Egypt and its Monuments," and was introduced by him as the contribution of an intelligent and educated American, to the researches in Egyptian antiquities. The following are brief extracts from the Notices of several Editors who have examined it.

"A work of extreme interest, freshly and ably written."—*Albion, N. Y.*

"It will be heartily enjoyed by many readers."—*Washington Intelligencer.*

"Racy and picturesque—full of graphic and historic incident."—*St. Louis Intelligencer.*

—His wandering step,
Obedient to high thoughts, has visited
The awful ruins of the days of old:
Athens, and Tyre, and Balbec, and the waste
Where stood Jerusalem, the fallen towers
Of Babylon, the eternal pyramids,
Memphis and Thebes, and whatsoe'er of strange
Sculptured on alabaster obelisk,
Or jasper tomb, or mutilated sphinx,
Dark Ethiopia on her desert hills
Conceals. Among the ruined temples there,
Stupendous columns, and wild images
Of more than man, where marble demons watch
The Zodiac's brazen mystery, and dead men
Hang their mute thoughts on the mute walls around,
He lingered, poring on memorials
Of the world's youth, through the long burning day
Gazed on those speechless shapes, nor, when the moon
Filled the mysterious halls with floating shades
Suspended he that task, but ever gazed
And gazed, till meaning on his vacant mind
Flashed like strong inspiration, and he saw
The thrilling secrets of the birth of time.

SHELLEY—*Alastor, or the Spirit of Solitude.*

STEAMER TO EGYPT FROM CONSTANTINOPLE.

NEVER was morning more beautiful than that in which we prepared to leave the harbor of the Golden Horn, at Constantinople. The thousand varied and beautiful views on all sides, from the "valley of sweet waters," and the mosque-crowned heights of Eyaub, to Galata's tower and the gardens of the Seraglio, left a series of pictures impressed on the memory which will long be a source of pleasure.

The Turkish passengers crowd on board, and the cabins are filled with the wives of the Grand Pacha, Fuchtar Effendi, of two tails, whom the Sultan has recently appointed Governor of Mecca. Finally, his Pacha friends crowd around in their boats to wish him adieu. With them are some European envoys, among whom is a Russian. What a group on this steamer's deck! The Pacha and his two attendants; gentlemen, with about forty servants; cawasses, eunuchs, &c.; Kurds, Tartars, with their shawled caps, Persians, Copts, Greeks, Armenians, Jews—in fact, all the specimens of Mohammedanism to be found in the Turkish Empire; and, save the engineer (an Englishman) I am the only Anglo-Saxon.

The Pacha's young and favorite wife, I have once seen distinctly. She is very beautiful. He is a man of noble presence, with the brow and features of a statesman and a

great man. Nobler never could have belonged to the Prophet himself. Some of the Pachas who rushed to bid him farewell bent to kiss his feet. Hark ! the gun. The Sultan is in that steamboat, returning from the launch of a vessel of war. All along up the Bosphorus the ships of war are manned to their topmast yards, and the flags flying. I had recently witnessed a still more magnificent scene, where the Sultan embarked at his palace on the Bosphorus to go to mosque.

Hark ! there is another gun. It is sunset, and the Moslems have all washed, and are kneeling in prayer, with their faces, as ever, turned toward Mecca. What religionists in the world observe the duties of their faith more praiseworthily than these ? The old Pacha, too, so devout ! He prays as if it were praying that had given that noble dignity to his face.

It is over, and now we are under way. Farewell to Pera, and all its varied and picturesque population, romantic environs and its Armenian girls. Farewell to Galata, and its miserable streets of Greek fishermen, where I have so often lost my way amidst the throng of traders from every clime ; where the cannie Scotchman from Greenock strikes bargains with the Persian of the Caucasus. Farewell to the beautiful Bosphorus and the distant Symplegades, whose blue forms it must suffice to see afar off, without running Jason's risk. Farewell to the gorgeous Sultan's palace ; Bebek and its lovely bay, the castle of Venetian splendor ; Therapia, and its Greek maidens ; Buyukdere, and its beauties ; and the Asiatic shore ! the "sweet waters," the beautiful valley, and the Sultan's lovely, dark-eyed Circassians ! Farewell to Scutari, and the old cypresses of the cemeteries, and Stamboul, that strange compound, so grand at a distance, so filthy within. In its old

Seraglio, I would fain yet linger amid the crumbling capitals built by the Greek Emperors, and the chambers filled with the Caliph's works ; the libraries of rare books, the portraits of the Sultans—every one of whom rose by the murder of some father or brother ; the beds glittering with gems in the dark old Saracenic chambers, where many a Sultan has been strangled ; the halls, where the tyrant would only show himself through a steel grating. Farewell to all these : we are now for the land of Egypt to study its lore, as did the Grecian scholars of old, when they left the cool shades of the Academy for the priestly colleges of Sais and Heliopolis. Will it make us Christian, like Alciphron, or unbelieving, like the infidels of France ?



VOYAGE UP THE NILE.

THE Nile has become nearly as much travelled by Americans as the Rhine ; it requires but a moderate income to jump to Athens, Cairo, Jerusalem ; many an American flag meets the traveller beneath Luxor's old temple ; hundreds of New-York and Boston names, and those of every city in our States, greet his eye in the tombs of the Remeses, and throughout the mighty wrecks of Thebes. Several go to the Nile as they go up the Clyde or Hudson, to see a change of manner, primitive enjoyments, and to enjoy a dry, pure air, and the sweetest of water. And yet, notwithstanding burlesque travels, and "Punch on the Pyramids," there are those to be found, who still regard Egypt with the mysterious awe of their earlier days, and in her monuments find the most *material* evidence in existence of the truth of divine revelation ;—who turn from the unsatisfactory juggleries and traditions of the Holy Land, to the chiselled and painted memorials of the Pharaohs' artists, which give us now the authentic records of early Egyptian dynasties, in almost the same condition as when Diodorus saw them two thousand years ago.

By one of those extraordinary artifices which creates excitement by manufacturing opinion, it has been fashionable with a certain class to slight the continued, palpable evidence deduced from the monuments and deciphered language of

Egypt in favor of Scripture, until the great science of "Egyptology" has been made—in the hands of ingenious philologists, accomplished German infidels, crafty French sophists, decayed Italian scholars, and popular appealers to the spirit of infidelity, which always is alive—to attack the received opinions of the Christian church upon Scripture history and chronology.

I have been to Egypt, partly to gratify the confirmation of a faith instilled in childhood, and inculcated by teachings of accomplished scholars. Accident threw in my way, in a tour in Italy three years since, works upon the records of Egypt and theology, which, by the skilful management of the hieroglyphical records, had the effect to darken for a time my Christian faith, and to suggest doubts and conjectures rather than confidence in the Scripture records.

Perhaps a future volume may give me the opportunity of showing more fully than can be done here, what is the true character of those works; and, I may also relate my own convictions after a pretty thorough examination of the whole subject.

Before undertaking this visit to Egypt, I had enjoyed the advantage of consulting the most important works relating to that country, in the principal public libraries of Europe—including the British Museum, and the Royal libraries at Paris, Vienna, and Berlin; and I had studied the Egyptian remains in the chief Museums. The privilege of some acquaintance with several of the learned archæologists and oriental scholars of Europe, had been of essential service in enabling me to prepare for this voyage. Unambitious of fame, I had nothing to lose; nothing to gain but truth.

In the works, the names of which the lectures of Gliddon have brought to notice in America, there was much to ques-

tion. The "monumenti" of Rosellini and Champollion are filled with evidences of Scripture fulfilment and Scriptural illustration. The philologists of Germany and Paris have found their own refutation in the pages of the Berlin theologists. Some are too absurd, too malicious against Scripture, to be noticed, and are disavowed by moderate archæologists like Bunsen, who are by no means to be praised for their orthodoxy: and their sophistry, like that of Fourier and the French infidels on the Zodiacs of Dendera and Esne, so fully exposed in the work of Champollion—"Fourier and Napoleon"—soon satisfied me that *their* objections were null, and *their* study loss of time; philological ingenuities, ethnological resemblances were all their objections were founded on.

The volumes of Osborn, Hengstenberg, and Wilkinson furnish much that is conclusive in confirmation of the Bible; and after a careful study of these introductory works, perhaps no candid man would need further evidence, that the Egyptian monuments do really illustrate and verify the Scriptures. These books, with the great French and Italian works on the hieroglyphics, and the Egyptian grammar and dictionary, will enable me to commence the profitable study of the monuments themselves.

The eminent scholar Letronne, of Paris, although too Jesuitical and conservative, in an age when looseness and license of opinion was prevailing around him, has grouped much that is valuable of the evidence, from the Egyptian monuments, in favor of Scripture truth. His death, lamented by all the archæologists of Europe, free-thinking as well as orthodox, has deprived the world of much that is rare as well as definite upon the subject. Part of this, and a summary of the materials that I have collected, will be given to the world

in a future and more elaborate work. When, upon a subject so vast, a scholar like Letronne hesitates to group his evidence until he can put upon it the stamp of incontrovertibility and completeness, it may seem presumptuous in a novice not to hesitate also. The object of the present pages, however, is more introductory than full ; a mere journal of objects as they presented themselves.

The purpose of the author in going to the Nile being fully understood, he will describe his voyage and visit to those interesting places, in which difficulty, of necessity, made his voyage adventurous, threw him upon all his fancy for interest, and made him catch enthusiasm from the high religious satisfaction, poetry from the genius of the place, and constant excitement from the noble antiquities of the "times when the world was young."

The Rhine, Switzerland, the Italian lakes, the Tyrol, French, German, Hungarian revolutions, added interest to his journey to the ancient land. He paused in Greece, gazed on Parnassus and the Parthenon, and galloped over Attica. He looked upon the Areopagus, for it was the Mars Hill from which Paul preached of the temples in which dwelt the Living God ; upon Mount Ida and the Troad ; upon the citadel at Smyrna—that one ruin of the seven churches of God, and where Polycarp poured out his blood for Christ ; upon ancient Byzantium's wall, and modern Constantinople's beauties ; followed the Bosphorus to the Symplegades ; roamed with a solitary Greek boatman through the isles of the Ægean ; gazed upon the isle where St. John wrote the awful Revelation ; breathed the mild air of Rhodes, and followed art and nature with a dreamer's eye. But what was Lake Lemman to the Lake Mareotis ? what were all the rivers in the world when one sees the glorious Nile ?

Arriving at Alexandria by the Turkish steamer, I was impatient to rush over the canal, and without waiting for a steamboat, I jumped into one of the most ordinary of the carrying boats, and arrived in two days at Atfeh; an Arab boy, who knew a little Italian, was my companion. What a delight to behold that broad glorious river; its rushing waters, its noble palm groves; the Libyan and Arabian mountains; the strange life in the Arab towns, and all the varied novelties of oriental life and scenery!

It was in the latter part of November, 1848, that, at Atfeh, I procured a traveller's boat of the agent of the Oriental Company, and began my voyage up the Nile. The rich loam of its banks told stories of its deposits, as the soundings in Alexandria's harbor did to Herodotus; and proofs of the exhaustions of Nubia's soil gave increased certainty to the correctness of Scriptural chronology. Geologists have ascertained for us some facts, but the claim of ten thousand years for the world's history of man finds, apparently, but doubtful support from the Delta of the Nile. Deltas have yet to tell their tale, and *Biblical Geology* is yet to be written.

I had some knowledge of the vulgar Arabic, which I had studied with the oriental advantages of Paris and Vienna, and in Marcel's *Dictionnaire* of the vulgar Arabic. The Arabic rudiments which I had acquired from Causin de Percival and De Sacy enabled me to traffic for my provisions, and order my dinner with ease; which, as I had no dragoman, was a matter of convenience. At the end of a short time I had

learned something of Nile boatmen and Egyptian life, had been satiated with the songs, "La Allah, l' Allah y' lilla," could understand some of their stories of Antar and Hybla, learned to admire their deep earnestness; and, on the whole, to think favorably of the Egyptian Arabs. The song for "Hawaga" [the traveller] when he sits down to table, the sleeping song, the watchfire on the bank when the boat pulls to the shore, the wild dance and the *sakia*, or rude drum, the perfect time of their tunes and chorus—all these were novelties.

It was the liveliest of Cairo donkeys, and the ugliest and smartest of donkey boys, that took me into Cairo. These donkey boys, like the *Gamins* of Paris and the newspaper boys, will tell you every thing. They enliven your rides to the site of Heliopolis, to the fountain and tree of the Holy Family at Mataryeh, to the Citadel of Saracenic and Mohammedan Egypt, telling on its ruined walls tales of Pharaoh Hophra,* Saladin, and Mohammed Ali. One must not pass over the new mosque at Cairo. Its interior architecture is of the finest Saracenic, and when completed, its exterior will be quite as imposing as that of our Capitol at Washington.

It was pleasant to amble through the groves of palm and acacia that abound in the rich, wild country north of Cairo, to that rare palace of orientalism at Shoubra of Mohammed Ali, whose gardens and kiosks and mosaics, are only rivalled by those of Granada. In these rides, I frequently met Mohammed Ali in his carriage, like a plain English gentleman, and he always saluted me with the uniform politeness that he has ever displayed towards Anglo-Saxons. He had recently lost his eldest son, the celebrated Ibrahim Pacha. We heard

* His cartouche is in the wall.

of his death at Rhodes ; and all the Arabs to whom I had spoken of it, only replied with the flashing glance of pleasure, "Allah Akbar," God is great. The Turks uniformly seemed pleased at the accession of a pious, bigoted Mussulman like Abbas, as the Arabs were glad to be rid of the tyranny of Ibrahim. Abbas was on his way to Mecca. Mohammed Ali merely replied, on hearing of the death of Ibrahim, that it was sad a father should live to see the day that he could *not* regret the death of his own son. Nearly four months after this, Abbas Pacha returned from Constantinople, where he had been to visit the Sultan, on receiving the *hatti scheriff* investing him with the Pachalik ; which was read soon after his accession, in the citadel.

On his visit to the Sultan, his Mussulman character gained him the title of Vizier (or *Mushir*, the highest, next the Sultan) and Pacha of Nubia ; and his return, in February, was celebrated by illuminations throughout Cairo for three days. The English policy was much gratified by this, as they wished to reduce Egypt to a mere province, to weaken French influence there ; and thus it has lost the progressive independence of government that Mohammed Ali had given it. The English consul-general, Hon. Charles Augustus Murray, has availed himself of the weakness of Abbas Pacha's habits and government, to gain free passage for armed English troops to India, and many other important advantages ; while the Egyptian fleet transferred to the Sultan, and the strong measures of Admiral Parker against the aggression of Russia in the prohibited Bosphorus, has aided England's design of increasing the power of the Porte, and augmented, also, her own influence in Egypt. Whether the establishment of our own lately appointed consul-general there, Mr. Macauley, who,

from his long residence in Barbary, is fully acquainted with Turkish manners, language, and diplomacy, may lessen the encroachments of English influence, is a matter that belongs alone to diplomatists. Soon after his arrival there, in the United States frigate "Constitution," the assault of one of the Arab soldiers on the person of a passed midshipman, who commanded one of the boats' crews of men ashore, called for Mr. Macauley's interference, and he was prompt enough to treat the dissimulating procrastination of the government relative to the punishment of the soldier, with the threat that he would haul down his consular flag, if an answer were not given by sunrise. Such decision, and his course with the Bashaw of Tripoli, will doubtless make his representation of our country valuable.

I rode to Ghizeh, and over the plain to the pyramids. Dragged to the summit, like thousands of others, I stood on Cheops' pyramid, where Diodorus had once stood. I could not find the name of Herodotus; but that of my hotel-keeper was boldly chiselled, and so was "Day and Martin's blacking." An Arab offered to go up the Cephrenes pyramid for a shilling, then for a sixpence. I was awed before the Sphinx; for, mutilated as it is, there is something in that expression alike Caucasian and great. I read the records of the fourth dynasty in the chambers; and found Scripture proofs clear in the records of the tombs on the Libyan chain, stretching through the whole Necropolis to the Saccara and Dashoor pyramids, with its cut mummy-pits. All this, is it not written fully in the three huge volumes of Colonel Vyse?

And Memphis—that desolate plain! One can find interest here, although the temple of Vulcan, the site of which is spoken of by antiquarians as the square where, according to

Herodotus, the bull Apis was kept, is gone. But the great object of interest is the Acherusian lake, which gave to the Grecians and Romans the mythology which the latter cherished in Campania. Over this, in the sacred boats, so they fabled, the souls of the dead heroes were carried. The dark groves upon its banks, the jutting points, and the setting sun over the shades, made it peculiarly picturesque. I had been over the scene of the mythologies of the *Æneid* from the grotto of the Sibyl to the Lake Avernus and Elysian Fields, and had explored Greece. How pleasant to trace here the source of these superstitions !

As for the statue of Remeses the Great, and his son and daughter, I have seen the copy in the British Museum, and it is far more impressive than the original here lying in the mud.

The site of Memphis has received its best consideration in the pages of Mr. St. John, Dr. Richardson, Conder, and Shaw—and the confusion on the subject is well accounted for by Gibbon, on the supposition that it extended numbers of miles. But how unsatisfactory the exploration from Ghizeh to Mitraheny ! The fallen colossal statue alone, which is so perfectly revived in the cast in the British Museum, is all. And yet how much is here ! Was it not the first founded city by the immediate descendants of Noah ? That it was the oldest, the decay of its monuments attest, while Thebes remains. Allowing even the superiority of the climate of the Said for the preservation of temples and sculptures, how could the granite of Syene have disappeared so entirely were it not a ruined city, after the decay of the latter Pharaonic dynasty ? How full of deep interest is this spot ! The scene of the Mosaico-Egyptian history, the site of a city that, from

the rule of Menes over this locality to that of Abbas Pacha, has seen a greater number of successions, preserved a greater permanence of locality for civilization, than any spot in the world. Rome and Athens are but of yesterday in comparison with Memphis. When I stood on the tomb of Cecrops in the Acropolis, I was awed by the antiquity of the pioneer of Egyptian emigration to Greece ; it was from Memphis that he went forth. Jerusalem was founded earlier still. Babylon, its nearer contemporary, is a howling desert : and Nineveh furnishes few wrecks of Assyrian sway ; but old Memphis is here. Standing on the roof of your sojourning house in the place, Esbekiah, you may turn from glittering Turkish-Arab-Jewish-Coptic-Cairo of to-day, to the Citadel, and bring up the Mameluke-Turcoman-Saracen-Caliph-governing-Cairo of yesterday ; live over the histories of Masr-el-Atikeh and Masr-el-Kebyr,—new Cairo and old Cairo ;—turn to the tombs of the Caliphs, and the thousand mosques and monuments of that era ; and then to the Coptic churches, and the memorials of Christian patriarchal sway in the distance ; and then a little north your eyes wander upon Rhoda island and the shores, whose musical palaces of Beys are the sites of the palaces of the Pharaohs of Jewish memory ; and then wandering to the pyramids, the sphinxes, the caves, and tombs on the Libyan mountain ridge, with names of kings and records of Egypt to her fourth dynasty ; and a little further rest on the plains and mounds, which need yet the labors of a Belzoni or a Vyse—where Menes and Misraim subjects gained the first wealth of this fertile valley of the generous Nile.

Many flatter themselves that Egypt is yet to be more fully unveiled, that there are evidences in the mounds and passages under Memphis which will bring to light more truth. There

were those too who believed that deep under yon pyramid of Ghizeh lay concealed the table of emerald on which the thrice great Hermes engraved the secret of alchemy, which was lost before the flood; and that Egypt, through the whole valley of the Nile, was traversed by a subterranean realm, which kings who had that art which gave gold at will, used for their purposes.

Devoting a little time to investigations of the Pelusiatic branch of the Nile, at Heliopolis; arriving at the conclusions of Hengstenberg; and glancing at the subject of Pithom, the Patumos of Herodotus, which I did without visiting the interesting site of Sais, where Herodotus and Plato found so much, or the modern towns of Mansoura, the rice granaries of Damietta, and rich fertility of the Delta, with its peculiar Levantine characteristics, from Rosetta to Damietta; and having spent some investigation on the fine papyri of Dr. Abbot's museum and literary association, where I enjoyed the advantage of acquaintance with one of the best Coptic scholars living; and having gained much aid from the library of the Egyptian Association, (which, by the beneficence of English noblemen, has become a mine of treasure, under the superintendence of Dr. Lieder, containing all published on the subject, as well as all European facilities,) I engaged my boat, made a contract, employed a dragoman, and prepared for my voyage to the temples of the Nile. My boat was small, its cabin only sufficient for one; but being recommended for speed by an English gentleman, who had just returned from the first cataract in it, I was well satisfied.

Coming down from a visit to the citadel, I was told a fine lion from Dongola was shown here, belonging to Mohammed Ali, and I stopped to take a look at his majesty. We went

up a few steps, and entered a room, where stood chained, with his bushy mane, an enormous red lion. There was no grate, as at the Surrey or Regent Park gardens, to impede our view, and I did not feel particularly pleasant to be in the same room with a lion just fresh from the deserts of Dongola, with only a few iron links to prevent him from making his breakfast of his visitors ; but imagine my terror when the keeper, after having displayed some feats of animal taming that far excelled Van Amburgh, left him, and while I was gazing into his eyes, he rose and made a leap, snapping one end of his chain. I was near the door, and in an instant I was out, and the keeper against the door, which his attendants without secured, while he was standing up and pointing to the corner for the lion to go back to his chain. I was fairly frightened, and rushed down the steps leading into the street, glad enough to escape.

I went from here to see the bastinado. I found there an imperturbable Englishman from our hotel, who was always there, I believe. He had invited me frequently to go up with him and see one, as, he said, it gave him an appetite for his dinner. For my part, it was disgusting to me. The *kourbash* is very painful for the first two or three blows, but after, it is scarcely felt, in comparison. The Mohammedan who takes his bath so frequently, and has the soles of his feet made so tender by the rubbing, must be peculiarly sensitive there.

The Ghourah bazaar and its rare attractions have been well descanted on by travellers ; though not excelling in richness the shawl bazaar of Constantinople, and some others there, it is fuller of various life. Every nation in the world, almost, is represented here : Turks, Syrians, Kurds, Hindoos, Ethiopians, Abyssinians, Circassians ; and Turkish and Ara-

bian women, less veiled than those in Constantinople. The perfumery bazaar, with its quaint orientalism ; the carpet and mat bazaar, with its Turks bearded like Abraham ; the Hamzaja bazaar ; the handkerchief and embroidery bazaar ; the bazaar of arms ; the Hanhalil ; the Settizenab, and its Bedouins of the desert caravans ; the Bab-el-Nasr, and ancient gate of the vanquishers of the Crusaders ; the Ghu-a-hinne ; the palaces of the old Beys, and rare Turkish life in the old quarter : all this is well described in Mr. Lane's Book of the Modern Egyptians, and you may see it recorded and pictured in his fine edition of the Illustrated Arabian Nights. Mr. Lane is one of the foreign lions of Cairo, but keeps himself very secluded, being industriously engaged on a large Arabic dictionary—a great desideratum to oriental scholars. He lives with his sister, Mrs. Poole, author of "The Englishwoman in Egypt ;" whose son has been well praised by Miss Martineau, as, for a young Egyptian hieroglyphical scholar, he is almost unexcelled.

The days of chivalry, as D'Israeli makes Baron Rothschild say, were not different from ours. "Life then was a circle of great ideas ; now 'tis a circle of small ones." Instead of Richard Cœur de Lion and Saladin, it is a Consul General and a brutal Abbas Pacha. Instead of a noble Arab, as Scott has represented in his Talisman, it is a quarrelsome Reis and his quarrelsome crew ; a swindling dragoman trying to pocket your piastres, and suiting all his plans and purposes to that end. As to what modern Egyptian life is, I cannot improve upon Mr. Lane's description of the "Manners and Customs of the Modern Egyptians," and the notes that are scattered through his edition of the "Arabian Nights ;" and it is superfluous to repeat in this brief and rapid sketch what others

have spent more than a quarter of a century in describing. A half day's walk through Cairo sufficed to prove the remarkable accuracy of Lane's work.

My first week in Cairo was actively employed in sight seeing, and whirling around its narrow streets, with a donkey boy crying, *Riglac oh bente*—"get out of the way, oh lady ;" or *Riglac nousrami*, "get out of the way, Christian ;"—*Riglac baudour*, "get out of the way, you other donkey-boy."

There is no lack of amusement in all these oddities ; and as for the sights, from the Mohammedan betrothal and wedding, with all its grotesque masquerading, and symbols, and Alme's dancing, *et id genus*, to the *circumcision* with its drums, &c., the pure orientalism of the turban—the black turban of the Copt and his huge sensual neck, the bright eyes of an Arab from the shores

"Off Mozambic or where the spicy odors blow,
From Araby the blest,"

how shall I describe them ? There too was the Memlook dress, and its owner glittering with arms and proudly ferocious in gait ; the flaming Cairean robes of striped silk adorning the Turk or the Jew ; the Egyptian lady with her mantle of black silk, which is also worn by many Italians and French.

Camels loaded with stones come along threatening to crush you and your donkey ; water-carriers, beggars, santons ; Turks sitting in their bazaars, crying, *Thayeeb Mashallah* ; Greeks looking for a chance to turn a penny or to blackguard you : Arabs of every variety, from the Hadji of Mecca, the sheikh of the desert, to the boatman and camel-driver ; *ukmah* or sellers of sherbet, serpent charmers with their snakes, orange women, and other women with their caps or wares ; beggars,

barbers, pedlers of robes from Damascus, fortune-tellers, jugglers, mountebanks, fakirs, merchants and mollahs, Mohammedan priests, barbers and butchers, saddlers and slipper-makers, in the narrow dingy streets—there are they all.

Dr. Abbot's Museum.—This is one of the great curiosities of Cairo. Lepsius has said that the museum is worth £7000. His price is £10,000.

Among the many objects of interest is the necklace bearing on several of the links the cartouche of Menes of the first dynasty, “who walks with Amon,” a seal ring of gold, with a broad face, on which in most exquisite engraving is the cartouche of Souphis or Cheops of the fourth dynasty. An iron breastplate and chain, much covered with rust, has the name of *Shishak* or Sheshonk, who vanquished Jeroboam. Some of his curiosities, a lizard in metal, and some sculptures in limestone, are the most beautiful I have ever seen. His mummied bulls and human mummies, his rings and thousand cartouches, are antiquities of several dynasties. His mummied cats, and particularly his papyri, are very perfect. There is one containing a ritual, which is very valuable. Numerous *steles* or tablets of the times of the shepherd kings, &c., are full of historical interest.

The Egyptian Literary Association, of which Dr. Abbot is one of the founders, and Clot Bey, Suleiman Pacha, and several learned Europeans, members, is one of the finest institutions in the world for the study of Egyptian subjects.

The tombs of the Memlook kings to the south of old Cairo and toward the Arabian desert in the east, are an interesting necropolis. Familiar as I was with Mohammedan cemeteries in Constantinople, Scutari and Pera, the Golden Horn and the Bosphorus, I could not but compare the beauty of those upon

which "*Anastasius*" so poetically dwells, with this forest of turbaned-headed tombstones in the skirts of the lonely desert. Here are the interesting tombs of the Memlook kings in a walled court, covered with flowered ornaments of brilliant colors and Arabic inscriptions. But the finest specimens of arabesque I saw in the tombs of the Pachas: those of Mohammed Ali's family, his wives and sons, particularly that of the lamented and promising *Tousson*, so spoken of by travellers, were the finest. It is a beautiful thought of orientalism, to place perpetual flowers on the dwellings of the dead. Here was the tomb of *Ibrahim* covered with a green shroud, for it was not yet completed. Some of the family were here, and many real flowers lay scattered about, and wreaths on the head-stones. What a prolific progenitor Mohammed Ali* has been! he may well vie with Methusaleh, and the other patriarchs, or with Solomon. A large mosque is filled with the tombs of his family, and I should judge that thirty were those of his sons and daughters, his sons' wives, and grandsons and granddaughters.

The Imaum-e-Shuffer is worth visiting.

I also went to the site of the Roman Babylon, which was not far from old Cairo.

The mosque of Tayloom is one of the finest erections of Caliph and Mameluke architecture. I rode my donkey into it, which quite shocked the Mohammedan bystanders.

Spur on my donkey—my Arab boy—to Mataryeh and the sacred tree and fountain of the Holy Family, and then over

* While correcting the proofs of this work, the intelligence reaches us that this great reformer of Egypt—great alike in his usefulness, his ambition, and his crimes—is dead. Even the shadow of his name will no longer save Egypt from England or the Porte.

the plain to the orange groves, where stand the site and obelisk of Heliopolis. The City of the Sun, or of Destruction, as the prophet Isaiah calls it, is one of the five cities in the land of Egypt that "should speak the language of Canaan, and swear by the Lord of hosts." It can boast of no ruin, but a solitary obelisk in the midst of a garden marks the spot where stood the famed city, On, and its temple of the Sun. Here Joseph found in the daughter of its high priest, a wife; and here, perhaps, Moses studied the ancient lore. The prophecy of Isaiah* was fulfilled here; for Onias, the high priest, in the time of the Maccabees, built a temple that was much resorted to by the Jews. The obelisk bears the name of Osirtasen, the king who (as some believe) expelled the shepherd kings from Egypt. Several of the obelisks have been carried away. Those which are at Alexandria are said to have stood here. True, you may see in the British Museum a cast of the obelisk, and read its characters; but do you stand in On, and in the place where Moses was schooled, among the shades where Plato and his companions walked in the orange groves—where Diodorus, and Herodotus, and Anaxagoras, and Solon, (the thrifty olive-merchant of Greece,) came to learn mysteries and the secret of eternal life, which the priests of Phre—the Poti-phres, or Potiphars, were supposed to have taught? A part of the inscription on the obelisk is as follows, when translated into English, beginning to read from the south side:—

Verse first. "The Sun to King Ramestes. I have bestowed upon you to rule graciously the world. He whom the Sun loves is Horus the Brave, the lover of truth, the son of Heaven, born of God, restorer of the world. He whom the Sun has chosen is King Ramestes, valiant in battle, to whom

* Chap. xix. vers. 18, 19.

all the earth is subject by his might and bravery. Ramestes the king, the immortal offspring of the Sun."

Verse second. "Horus . . . the brave, who sheds a splendor over Heliopolis, and regenerates the rest of the world, and honors the gods, who live in Heliopolis, him the Sun loves."

Verse third. "Horus the brave, the offspring of the Sun, all glorious, whom the Sun loves," &c.

Another verse. "He beautified Heliopolis."

To the east. Verse first. "The great god from Heliopolis. Celestial Horus, the brave . . . Him Ammon loves. . . . And him the all glittering has chosen for his eternal king." . . .

This is sufficient to identify the site, for which purpose they are quoted.

Rhoda island is one of the charms of Cairo. Its roses make it the resort that its gardens have ever been since the Romans or the Greeks, and probably Pharaohs. The gay Caireans crowd here on Friday; and its roses are as thick and luxuriant as when the Greeks named it *Ρωδος*. When I came here, Ibrahim Pacha had just died, and his fine palace, to which it is the garden, was being stripped. Its orange groves, fountains and walks; its kiosk of shells; its Nilometer on the south end, where Moses was said to have been found: the view from the walled walk, of the luxuriant valley, and the rank sedgy banks, make you encourage in fancy the thought, that here the Pharaohs chose what must have been the most enchanting spot for their palaces. Here Amense the princess, "daughter of Pharaoh," walking on banks where you still see bulrushes, found the hero-infant—the future lawgiver of God—who, in youth and early manhood, (as it is said,) repaid the debt by teaching her the true God, and for which, in turn, she obtained for him those exclusive privileges

from the priests, of their instructing him in "all the wisdom of the Egyptians," and, had he desired it, would have made him the successor to the throne: virtues which her successor, Mœris, in jealousy of Moses, repaid by blotting her name from, and defacing the monuments.

In the evening, I rambled among the palaces of the Beys and Pachas, and the colleges and military schools of the young Osmanleys. I listened to the notes from piano, harp, and timbrel, which are to be heard through the closed, latticed windows of the harem, where are Circassian beauties, and all the richness of oriental luxury, safely concealed from the profane eye of the "unbeliever."

The sun was setting over the distant pyramids in the exquisite beauty and glow of an Egyptian sky, and the cymbals of the Turkish garrison were ringing in my ears, while I did full justice to the dinner provided by Beckra, my Syrian cook from Damascus; and in anticipation dwelt with delight upon all that I was to see in the six hundred miles of beauty and antiquity before me.

I hoisted the American flag, took leave of kind friends who came down to see me off, and established myself comfortably in the cabin, armed with pistols, books, and a mosquito-net. The crew began their happy song, beating the *sakia* or *earthen drum*, clapping their hands in accompaniment, and chanting a low song, increasing in energy and motion till they danced. We passed the Halil palace, (from whose windows came soft music and singing, which I knew was of a Circassian voice,)—and the Nilometer. The Arabs sang me to a refreshing sleep. The first two days went on finely. After we had left the pyramids of Abousir, the *false* pyramid was the first ruin of interest, and the pyramids of Howara and Illaloon, a journey

to which St. John has well described. When a head wind kept us to the bank, I went ashore to a *beled*, or village, where I usually called on the venerable old sheikh ; with Coptic or Jewish scribes, sitting on a mat. When I told him that I was an American, with an air of superior wisdom he told his attendants that "*Americanos* were the ship-builders of the Sultan in Stamboul."

Reis Suleiman commanded my boat, and Abder Achmed, his brother-in-law, was helmsman ; a tall Nubian, a Berber Abudillah, an industrious Arab Ali, an honest Berber Schadi—these six composed the crew.

My dragoman, Antonio Kalieh, is an Albanian Greek. He was born in Iro Castri in Albania, and has made many trips through the east, to Damascus, and has frequently been from Aleppo to Bagdad by caravan. He was once a dragoman to Hamilton, who gave him a good character ; but has probably since degenerated.

The grottoes of El Massara, which are near the village Tourah, may well induce one to stop his boat. Here they found the stone for the pyramids and mighty works of Memphis, and here the Hebrews labored for their cruel taskmasters.

One morning after breakfast I went ashore with my gun, popping at the pigeons, wild ducks, and pelicans, along the bank. Now I would start the beautiful white Ibis, whom the Egyptians might well respect for his carriage, and liken to humanity. I enjoyed with rapture the salubrious clime, the clear and serene heaven, the genial warmth of the sun,—the fragrant breath of nature. Village after village enticed me far in advance of my boat. Here were cool delightful groves, near which old patriarchal Turks were overseeing the labors of the

simple, respectful Arab, cultivating for them the fig and the vine,—lofty palm-trees, scattered in isolated beauty, spread a refreshing shade. Sometimes the old men came up and kissed my hand: one sitting on a mat in front of his house, where his wife was sewing, invited me to sit down. Declining the courteous solicitation, I pursued my course, now walking through open woodland ranges, luxuriant with dense foliage and the richest sward, approaching the majesty and grace of an English park—now passing through a populous village, conspicuous with mosque and minaret and bath—always pursued by the snarling bark of the unchristian dogs, and the “*Kelb*,” or “*Nousrami*,” (dog of a Christian,) of the no less malignant juveniles. The children and the curs are as anti-Christian as ever. Some of the finest men and women that I had ever seen, were returning from the well cultivated fields that extend to the oasis of the Fayoom; they always gave the respectful salutation of “*Salaam Aleycoum*,” (God be with you,) or “*Sabbahy l’ kair*,” (Good day.) The atmosphere was impregnated with the fragrant blossoms of pea and bean fields, in full bloom, which were tall as one’s head in growth. At sunset, I reached the bank of the river again. I had been in the sun all day, and was heated. I threw my clothes off, and enjoyed the refreshing luxury of a plunge in the river. What a renovation! This Nile is certainly a valuable gift to Egypt.

In the next village a woman cooked me some eggs, and I supped on milk and Arab bread. Ten o’clock came, and no boat. I was about to accept the hospitality of a boatman lying by the shore, as the village was filled with scowling men prowling with clubs, but I saw a light in the far distance. I fired my gun, while the boatmen hailed Reis

Suleiman. How it echoed in the night solitude ! Soon I heard one of my pistols fired by Antonio, and the clear distinct cry of "Howaga." In half an hour my boat came up. My boatmen were no less joyed than myself. Antonio had kept my dinner warm, and I dined at eleven o'clock, and rested from the fatigues of the day.

Reached Benisooef the next evening. It is a good sized town, has a little bazaar, palace of a Bey, mosque, &c. Halil Effendi, a Bey, was starting on a visit to Minieh, and I saw an instance of the oppression of the rulers. They pressed at every village men from their work ; one man, armed with a whip and dagger, ran along, catching whom he could, and, dragging them to the boat, made them pull it to the next village, where the same was repeated ; while the crowds deserted their work as they came up. One of the taxgatherers I saw take a poor man's sheep, his only property in the world ; and every man has to pay his neighbor's taxes, if he be poor, so that all comes to the oppressive pacha.

At Benisooef, one of my crew, Achmed, deserted. He had been my companion in excursions ashore, and always carried my fowling-piece. I had given him several presents, which he repaid by running away. We had a head wind, and the crew behaved badly : but I was spending the interval comfortably under the roof of a French refugee, Castellan, who had served in Egypt and Algiers, and was physician here ; and next to the Governor, as *Hakim Pacha*, had the rule. He gave me letters to all the Hakims, and French gentlemen in the towns ; lectured my crew ; abused my dragoman as a *mauvais Grecque*, which I began half to suspect was the case, and insisted on parting most affectionately. In my walks along the shore to Benisooef, I found exceeding interest in the

neighborhood of the brick pyramid of Hawara and of Illaloon. I found the works of the Israelites, which their taskmasters, Moeris and his contemporaries, made them build. In entering the region of the Fayoom, I made frequent excursions toward Lake Moeris ; but as to the Labyrinth, I had satisfied myself from the authorities of all writers from Herodotus to St. John, that a search for it would be most unsatisfying. In one excursion, in which I must have been very near it, I found brick with *straw*, such as the Hebrews used. The obelisk, bearing the name of Osirtasen, is really of interest ; but I preferred resting quietly and reading in Moore's "Epicurean," of the poetical labyrinth, to looking for sites of the real one.

The two cities of Heracleopolis and Oxyrinchus, which are both included in the ancient nome of Arsinoe, have scarcely a wreck of their former grandeur. A single Corinthian column stands alone to mark the site of Oxyrinchus. The town of Behnesa is situated in sight of the river, and on an eminence. I took my Berber, and followed the water-carriers crowding to it : it is about a mile off, situated in a flourishing plain. I walked through the bazaar, and one or two well dressed and caparisoned Turks passed me on their horses. The Governor's palace was here, but I had not time to call on him. In the mosque of Behnesa are some columns once belonging to old Oxyrinchus. Mounds are all around, showing the former site of a great city.

We had an exquisite sunset and view up the river, as we passed Gebel el Teir, or Mountain of the Birds. The wildness of this region has been well described by travellers. There are tombs cut all along in the side of the rock. The convent is inhabited by monks almost of the same character with the people. My Arabs are full of fears. They keep upon

the other side of the river, and with some reason ; for I find, since the time of Bruce, they have been here a wild robber race. Worse, more hang-dog looking faces, I never have seen. One who devastated the whole country, came to a village where there were two or three soldiers, stripped them all, and told them to go to Ibrahim Pacha and tell him it was *he*—giving his name—and to catch him if he could. At Tehnah I visited the site of the ancient Achoris : near here is the celebrated cave of Diana, and the worship of Diana was kept up in this region. Every locality and mountain in Egypt has its legend, and goddess protector. Here it was Diana ; and lying in my boat, as we passed those mountains in the moonlight, I could fancy the old Greco-Egyptian's worship of his goddess, who he believed chased her prey over the hills ; or of the older Egyptian to whom she was Diana-Lucina, and who believed her the nurse of Horus ; and the legend is, that fleeing from Typhon, she hid him in these caves. The site of Artemidos Speos is just above, where her abode was ; and the moon lighting up these hills like day, I fancy we hear the fleet horses of the goddess. Yes, like fair Greece, bright Egypt had its beautiful mythology, but

“ The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
 The fair humanities of old religion,
 The power, the beauty, and the majesty,
 That had their haunt in dale, or piny mountain,
 Or forest, by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
 All these have vanished ;
 They live no longer in the faith of reason.”

SCHILLER'S *Wallenstein*.

The prodigy of the mountain of the birds is a legend that, at a certain season and hour, large flocks of birds assemble in

the valley, and go through the mysterious ceremony of inserting their bills in one of the clefts, and it closes upon one of their number, when he is left here to die, and the others fly away.

Soon we were beyond the mountains of Sheikh Said, where the Arabs, from an old tradition, throw some bread into the water, and call upon him, "Oh ho, Sheikh Said;" these mountains are worn underneath, and into natural grottoes, in which several crocodiles were sunning themselves, who started as we approached. On shore near Schmoun, I saw a young man riding on an ass with his wife behind him, and they looked so young, and such a happy couple, that I thought of Isaac wedding Rebekah.

From here the winds are very high, particularly in the neighborhood of Gebel Aboulfaydee, and the Reis and Arabs keep a good look-out in holding the sail. The old Grecian city is thus described by Alciphron: "the light Grecian architecture of the imperial city, the luxuries and honors of its gardens—the arches of triumph—the superb portico that encircles the whole city with its marble shade—the Circus of the Sun, by whose rare colored pillars the mysterious movements of the Nile is measured—the proud monuments of glory and art, and the gay multitude that enlivened them."*

It is after passing Gebel Hassan, on the east bank, that we come in sight of the ruins of Antinoë, and the city built by Hadrian in memory of his favorite, the young Antinoë. If the same spirit of beauty was upon this city as is upon the head of Antinous, what a spot of loveliness it must have been! It is an oasis in the wild district, whose thievish people stretch all along here. My Arabs dislike going to that shore, and always cross to the other side before night. Antinoë is called in

* Epicurean.

Arabic, Sheikh Ababbie, from a tradition of the Arabs related by Aboulfouda in his description of Egypt. In those times it was the metropolis of Upper Egypt, and a great town under the Saracens. The young Antinous is said to have been drowned in the Nile, but his memory is preserved in one of the finest sculptures of the finest Italian gallery. The traces of Corinthian pillars, triumphal arches, an avenue of granite columns, an aqueduct, and many other Roman remains still mark the site; but I could with difficulty trace the theatre spoken of by travellers.

It is among the anchorite caves in this mountain that Moore lays the scene of his Epicurean, and the retreat of Melanius, to which the two lovers fly. The picture he draws from the top of the mountain you might draw now, were not Antinoe, opposite, a ruin.

“The view from the top of the rock extending on either side embraced the two extremes of fertility and desolation. . . . When we turned to the river what a picture of animation presented itself! Near us to the south were the graceful colonnades of Antinoe, its proud populous streets and triumphal monuments. On the opposite shore, rich plains, all teeming with cultivation to the water’s edge, seemed to offer up, as from verdant altars, their fruits to the sun, while beneath us the Nile,

——— “The glorious stream,
That late between the banks was seen to glide,
With shrines and marble cities on each side,
Glittering like jewels strung along a chain,
Had now sent forth its waters, and o’er plain
And valley, like a giant from his bed,
Rising with outstretched limbs, superbly spread.”

In the beautiful valley the palm-trees seemed to merge into cool alcoves, and we appeared to sail through a land of roses. On the west shore lies a town, Coloso or Kolokosaneh. Here crowds of market women, sitting on the bank with the delicious fruits of the clime, invited us to the shore ; and I was equally willing as my boatmen, as the wind was not fair, and the Arabs had been pulling all day, to rest here for the night. In a café were gathered a crowd of Almés, drinking sherbet ; and one pretty Almé attracted me very much, as I sat sipping some delicious Turkish coffee.

An hour or two after, strolling through the town, a crowd attracted me to the café again, and there I found several Turks of the better class. There was an Effendi there, a Turk, and very much of a gentleman ; two or three Arabs from the Red Sea, who were in some political station, and of noble presence. A Kurd from Erzeroum, with his tall cap, had wandered there by some means ; and a wild-looking, rascally fellow of a Persian, from Kandahar. They had probably been to Mecca, and were returning upon some Mohammedan affairs. We were very gracious to each other ; my cigars made them all friends to me, and we had on the whole a charming chat. We kissed each other's hands, when we parted ; they having learned from me, as they supposed, all about England and America, and I having learned a great deal of Arabic and of the customs of the better class.

Just as I was going to bed, I heard the voices of some boatmen coming up ; and looking out on the bright moon, saw the two English flags of some *voyageurs*. Our dragoon soon made us acquainted, and I went on board. Mr. F——y, an English gentleman ; Mr. C——l, from Scotland ; and Mr. F., a Dutch gentleman from Batavia, in Java. We

had a pleasant evening. I dined with them after it; and as they had all just come from India, they had much to tell of interest. Our Java friend had many stories of Thugs and Phansigars, and the beauty of that island which he had fully explored. I heard with delight his stories of the Malays.

With a fair wind, we push on through groves and islands, and sedgy banks; the river all the way to Osiout is dangerous, and since the days of Bruce has abounded in robbers. The boatmen have two guards at night. A story of an Englishman is frequently told, that some blacks from Sahara, that abound in the bazaar villages from here to Osiout, came from shore and killed dragoman, Englishmen and all. They generally swim in the water silently, and come up alongside the boat from the water side and cut your throat. My Arabs sing less frequently. Pass Fushna, a pretty village with palm groves.

We are through the province Fayoom, and now enter the Vostani, or Middle Egypt. We pass Minieh with a fair wind; and though I visited it on my return, I will describe it here.

Minieh is the site of the ancient "Cynopolis," or city of the dog; and it was said that there were here temples in honor of this animal; but the most interesting associations of Minieh are those of the times of the Caliphs. In the times of Ibn Katib, (after whom it was named *Minieh Ibn Katib*,) the Caliph, sent hither and took from here a Governor who had been promoted from a menial office to gratify his pique against the town. This man, Ibn Katib, had become the best of governors; but now deprived of his office was wandering poor and a beggar about Bagdad, when a poet came up and sang his praises. He replied by giving him a jewel which he had saved from his wreck; and the value of this

caused him to be brought before the Caliph, who, upon hearing the story, restored him to Minieh, where he and his posterity long reigned.

On my return here, I stopped and visited the beautiful old mosque which hangs over the water's edge. I wandered through the Turkish town (and they are all copies of each other), looking for memorials of the oriental sway in this old city. I entered the bath, so well described by Stephens, and I believe I had the same operator. Many people, of high rank, are living here. My old shampooer had so satisfied me at the bath, that I gave him as much as I did the keeper of the bath, for which I could hear them abusing him after I had left.

The Governor of Minieh is very severe. One woman had just been executed for infidelity, and her headless trunk was lying in the streets. A wind from the north detained us there some hours, strolling about the bazaars. I saw a French *hakim*, or physician, Mr. M——h. I was pleased at the handsome appearance and correct carriage of the women, who came to the water's edge to draw water.

On ascending the bold Mount Heredy, I found myself looking down into a deep dark valley, which glittered with a sort of crystal that fills the place. Some of these crystals are immense, and it might well be called the diamond valley. A large vulture was on a distant crag, and I at once saw the origin of the story of Sindbad, when my Arabs spoke of the *Elif Laila*, or thousand and one nights. A serpent of huge size lived here, and the people were afraid to go down into this abyss to get crystals for fear of him: *voila*, the bits of flesh; the *roc*,* the serpent of Sindbad. This serpent, or

* From the *Rockham*, Arabic, for "vulture."

another one, was here till very lately, and the Arabs believed that the body of Sheikh Heredy was changed into a serpent ; the legend probably derived from the Egyptian idea of the serpent Kneph—their good spirit. When they are in difficulty they call on Sheikh Heredy, and my Arabs cried out, “ *Ah ! ha ! Sheikh Heredy !* ” to show me the echo of the place.

Mount Ababbie and Sheikh Ababbie is another legend.

The colossal figure, spoken of by Yates, is still to be seen at the bottom of Sheikh Heredy. It somewhat resembles the Sphinx, and is in a sitting posture. The mountains here offer fine subjects for the pencil, and I have been trying my poor hand at sketching. I never so much wished to be an artist as here on the Nile, to carry away some of the beautiful features of the scenery, which few think belong to this river. I trust our artists will yet be here, and carry away a panorama of it, and its thousand views, as they have done of the Mississippi and the Rhine. What a picture it would be ! Thebes, Edfou, Philæ, Alexandria, Cairo, Osiout, moving on canvas before you.

The fun of a fair wind on the Nile is great. There is sometimes a gust that nearly capsizes our little boat, and nothing can be more picturesque than the efforts of our Arabs. Each one shrieking, jumping first to one side and then to another ; the venerable Réis storming, and the folds of their turbans, and their long flowing robes streaming in the wind ; their alarm, and efforts with their poles ; the white sails, so like the wings of a bird, now shifted by them to this side, and now to that ; and they, with their flashing eyes and ivory teeth showing their anxiety as they tack, while on we speed like a bird by villages, towns, mosques, minarets, in an oriental panorama. And when all danger is passed, the old

Réis comes aft with a grin, as he has done a thousand times, "*Haoua thayeeb, Howaga*"—"Wind is fair, Howaga;" "*Mouch ketyr minheeney*"—"Not too much of it just here;" *bokra* (to-morrow) *Luxor*, or *bokra Dendera*, as the case may be: and the others, as if I should pay them for the fair wind which Heaven had sent, would cry, "*Backsheesh, Howaga*;" and if I answered, "*Inshallah*," they would say, "*Thayeeb, Howaga—Howaga, thayeeb*."

A day's sail among the mountains of Aboulfouda, the wild scenery, the picturesque rocks sinking into the river, the tower-like promontories and strata, were indeed among the most interesting objects of my journey.

There are the mountains just before Manfaloot. St. John, Dr. Richardson, and all writers upon Egypt, have dwelt upon the peculiar beauty of this scenery of Gebel Aboulfouda. Though not so grand as that of the mountains of Chenobuscion, I can scarce imagine any thing more picturesque. You sail under the rocks; the river has worn caves unapproachable save by the water. Here the anchoret has cut himself seats,

"Vivoque Sedilia saxo;"

and you can look far into them. Then on the edge basks the crocodile, and birds fly around; pigeons make their nests—tame creatures, sometimes flying on your boat: so sacred is the bird. Birds rest on your sails, and some pick up the crumbs by you and the grain of your fowls.

We passed after Sheikh Said, or Shek Saadi, the Tel-el-Amaron, and El Hargeh, and soon arrived in sight of Manfaloot, but having a fine wind, did not land till on my return. I was pleased with the town, as its towering minarets and tree-hidden

mosques made it look so like a New-England village, situated as it is in a green plain, and on the placid river. Evidences of lively Turkish life were about,—numerous soldiers, the caparisoned horses of Turkish officers, and the clashing cymbal sounds of a Turkish band, playing an old *English* tune, which I have frequently heard in representations of Norman history in the theatre. How familiar it sounded on the remote Nile. Some English refugee had been here, and taught the Arabs; who have a native musical skill, and under French teachers, as in the military bands of Cairo, make fine musicians.

On my return down the Nile, early in the morning, before sunrise, we landed at this place, and I strolled into the square, where the market-women were exposing fruits, vegetables, milk, butter, cheese, bread, and all the products. I was there struck with the civilized restraint, which is not so apparent in Upper Egypt. I walked several times through the bazaar, a large, wide street, which would have been an ornament to any city. The superiority of the shops, the fine stores of a peculiar kind of cloth that is manufactured here, the abundance of Jew and Greek merchants and Turks, the enterprising appearance of the place, (owing doubtless to this comparatively unproductive part of the valley of the Nile,) all had an interest from its contrast.

BENI HASSAN.—Who does not here recall the expression in the book of Job, a “tomb cut in the rock?” The name of the Ositarsen is here, who, say some, expelled the shepherd kings from Egypt, and was contemporary with Joseph; and who, Bunsen says, with more explicitness than accuracy, *lived a thousand years before Moses, and that in his reign the shepherd kings invaded Egypt*. But, turning from such crude chronological conclusions, how interesting the proof of Scripture truth con-

tained here. The interest of Egyptian customs and trades developed here, is all written in Wilkinson. In the tomb of Pahari, I was gratified by the testimonies in favor of Scripture that crowded upon me. But, doubtless, the shepherd kings were expelled by Amosis; and Nolan's views on this point seem more reasonable, excepting his dates, for which I prefer to trust to Hales. As to the last fragment of Manetho, which Bunsen accepts and Lepsius rejects, I think it either a forgery, or a *lie* of Manetho.

Miss Martineau, in her book, exaggerates somewhat the beauty of the trades and customs represented in the tombs. In all of them, you can trace doorways and pillars, some sculptured, some, like the best tombs in Thebes, unfinished. Few enter all the tombs, as there are thirty-one in all, and but six or eight are interesting. The next to the two last in the face of the mountain has a vaulted portico, and two fluted pillars; its basement is painted a deep red.

Ositarsen the First is settled by Dr. Lepsius, of Berlin, to have been the *Setorsarsen* of the twelfth dynasty. The expulsion of the shepherd kings, by Amosis, according to Hales, dates 1909 B. C.; while, as Bunsen says, the shepherd kings invaded Egypt in his time. His chronology (by his accepting *every* fragment of Manetho, which is doubtless in parts a forgery) differs several hundred years from Hales's. Josephus, ambitious to prove the Hebrews a great people, has falsified history. He wished to identify them with the shepherd kings. With Hales's chronology I think it can be reconciled; but with the lesser chronology of Usher, and the greater of Bunsen, it cannot be. This, and the proofs from these tombs and those of Ghizeh, will be fully shown in another work.

I noticed in one of the tombs, Sechonsosis' name, of the

same dynasty as Manetho names. The idea that the captives in this tomb were Joseph's brethren, which Mrs. Romer, in her *Travels*, makes such a great noise about, is well exposed by Miss Martineau; as well as the Elginism of Mrs. Romer, in removing a figure of one of the captives. They cannot be Joseph's brethren, because they are figures of thirty-seven *captives*, instead of Joseph's ten brethren.

The Doric style of the columns is very beautiful, showing, in this highly ancient monument of Egypt, the origin of architecture, so improved by the Greeks; for, except the pyramids, Beni Hassan's tombs are the oldest monuments in Egypt.

Miss Martineau says it is safe to visit Beni Hassan; but I think that she was not ashore, among the scowling vagabonds that abound all the way up from Gebel El Teir to the tombs, as often as I was.

In one little Arab village, I entered just as three or four had reclined around a woman sitting under a tree. She was of the red hue of the Abyssinians, and, as I remarked, it was the acacia which blooms in Abyssinia. I could not but fancy she was apostrophizing, in her song, the tree of her native land, in the manner of the poet:—

“ Oh, Abyssinian tree !
We pray, we pray to thee,
By the glow of thy golden fruit,
And the violet hue of thy flower,
And the greeting mute
Of thy boughs' salute,
To the stranger who seeks thy bower.

“ Oh, Abyssinian tree '
How the traveller blesses thee,

When the night no moon allows,
And the sunset hour is near,
And thou bendest thy boughs
To kiss his brows,
Saying, 'Come, rest thee here.'
Oh, Abyssinian tree!
Thus bow thy head to me."

But the sentiment was only for a moment, for two tall, stout fellows, armed with clubs, came out and checked my admiration. Two Turks stood there, who had observed my admiration for the singer; which now controlling, I walked away, throwing her a piastre, and after making our purchases at the village, we continued on our way.

As to the convent of the pulley, whose beggarly monks are seen at this, as well as the convent of St. Anthony and St. Paul, and those abounding here, I leave them to the pages of Curzon, who, in his *Monasteries of the Levant*, has fully described and exposed their claims to the support and attention of the Christian world.

Oshmunein is the site of Hermopolis Magna of the Greeks and Romans; but few ruins remain of the great city of Hermes of the Egyptians, the stories of whom make us well conclude, with Nolan, that it was the divinely taught astronomical and provident wisdom of Joseph that furnished the tradition and original of Hermes. That Joseph's interpretation of dreams gave them Hermes,* and his astrological science, there is no manner of doubt.

Here they built their city; and as he was the original of the Mercury of the Greeks and Romans, as the divinity of

* See what Nolan has since written on the subject. 1849.

wisdom and learning here at Hermopolis Magna, the Macedonian and the Emperors Ptolemys and Roman Emperors cultivated his worship. What a sublime idea, that Scripture Joseph gave Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans their finest originals of mythology; and, carry the idea through: was not Noah, Osiris; and Typhon the deluge? was not Shem, Pthah, and did they not worship Ham as an astrologer? [see in Scripture the allusion to "the wisdom of Canaan."] Did they not gain their spirituality of belief from the Hebrew divine doctrine of the immortality of the soul? and were not their Amenti the last judgment, and all their natural religion the remains of primitive revelation given to the patriarchs and Hebrews, and partly inculcated among the Egyptians by Moses and Joseph?

Few remains mark the site of the great Hermopolis, and only some bricks tell what was the great city of Hermes, but the *well* of Joseph yet gladdens the Palestine traveller, and the localities of real, defined Scripture antiquity, are settled without doubt. What a host of convictions confirm the truth of the Bible in Egypt! The mysteries of Egypt were bugbears and charlatanism, and the truth of Scripture is the highest, best truth, possessing, as Sir W. Jones said, "more science, more antiquity, more lofty poetry, more true wisdom than all the writings of all the authors in the world."

Passing over, I was near the mountains on the Libyan side, two miles distant from the river. Here I entered a town nearly as large as Benisoof, which was really a curiosity. I doubt whether it has been visited by many travellers. The houses were handsomely built, better than any of the towns down the Nile. Hundreds of Bedouin encampments were around it, and the town was walled. Going into the gates, I walked through numberless streets, where women, engaged in

the most industrious occupations, seemed to be as much astonished at my dress, as the Indians at Peru were at the Spaniards. I could buy nothing, though I saw abundance of every thing I asked for. The men were all lying on the ground in the streets in rags, and a richer, more independent set of beggars I never saw. Not even a Turk was here—not a trace of civilization; nothing but the Bedouin Arabs. Flocks of camels, sheep, and goats, were around, and all showed the patriarchal independence of that primeval mode of life, in which God created man. I was unarmed, but I received not even an insult—not a word, but politeness. Had I entered a town nearer civilization, where Europeans are protected by Consuls and frigates, I would have been insulted, and, being defenceless, would have been endangered. I shall never forget the bright page of that Bedouin town. Virtue, the wealth of a fine soil, a salubrious atmosphere, and contentment seemed to reign. On my way toward the river, numbers of young men, apparently fourteen or sixteen, passed with their wives, of the same apparent age, all carrying baskets, riding on one donkey. They evinced the best breeding, and modesty that would have adorned a modern city. I never carried arms again among the Bedouins.

I returned, directing my course to the southeast, and, from a high dike, or mound, saw my boat—a mere speck far below. I distinguished the flags of my two friends' boats far in the distance. I arrived in two hours at a village on the river side, and waited for my boat. Here I found some people slaughtering an ox, and could easily buy milk, bread, and eggs, which I was refused every where along the plain, away from the river. In the larger Bedouin towns they told me I could only procure food at a *Belled*, or *small village*. They

are forced to conceal the possession of even milk to save it from the Pacha and his French emissaries, for one of whom they doubtless took me.

On arriving at my boat, I learned my acquaintances had passed it, and left an invitation for me to dine in the afternoon at Osiout in their boat. The views of the landscape increase in beauty; miles in the distance lay Osiout, in the midst of a fertile plain.

It has a little port where my friends' boats lay, and they having gone to the mountain, I hurried to mount one of the donkeys, which were offered me in good English; and Antonio and I were soon upon the lovely ride to Osiout. Such a beautiful situation! The trees have a peculiar flower that perfumed the atmosphere; and, on each side of an elevated road, over which we ambled on our nice little animals, lay gardens of orange trees, and groves: and, as we approached the outskirts, these gardens, attached to palaces of the Beys, and wealthier Osmanleys, increased in beauty. In the bazaar I saw numbers of Bedouin blacks from the desert of Sahara; the tallest men I ever saw, perfectly black, with the purest of white robes, armed ferociously, and looking like very *Lucifers*. Here all the marks of an Eastern bazaar are to be seen—Turks, Jews, Greeks, Arnaouts, Gwawazie, Arabs.

The Governor's house has been described by Stephens. I peeped into the mosque, and saw some fine columns. I hurried away to the tombs and site of ancient Lycopolis. Its ruins are built into the mosques and towns of modern Osiout.

Here was the capital of the Lycopolite nome, where the worship of the wolf and mummies was kept up—some say the dog, but doubtless it was the jackal, partaking of the nature of both. The paintings on the tombs abound with representa-

tions of them, and the pits are filled with their mummies ; a strange and sickening idolatry, which Egyptian scholars, who conceive idolatry was only symbolical, may well note. It was the worst specimen of animal worship. Wolves and jackals abounded here, and were the curse of the people ; they feared them, and worshipped them.

The view from the top of this mountain has been well described by Stephens, and I fear my readers may suspect the genuineness of my rhapsodies on Egypt, if I continue them. The plain filled with fields, the vast extent, the clear atmosphere, the river winding through the noble plain, is there still, and is well worth a voyage up the Nile.

To the southeast lay the Gebel el Kofferi, in whose sides those tombs are cut, which furnish Stephens with his descriptions and adventures with wolves and bats.

The Sababinath, or Chamber of the Seven Virgins, has been fully described. E. Joy Morris, in his travels, relates an adventure, as well as the murder of one boatman, and the Governor's conduct in whipping his own crew for it. On my return to the town, I saw among the Sahara Africans some who were said to be from Senaar, who came here to trade in gold and ivory. I went to the Turkish bath, and found in the room, reposing on his couch, and enjoying his pipe, my Dutch friend, who seemed in a very *disinterested* manner, (in that luxurious position,) to offer to *wait for me*. *That* bath I shall never forget. Constantinople's baths of Suleyman Pacha were nothing to it. At Cairo I was always boiled, but in Osiout I enjoyed such a bath (*Turc*) as I never had, or expect to have again, unless I get to the Mussulman's Paradise. The darkness on entering, the luckily late hour and absence of persons, and the cleanliness, the finished and artistical rubbing

with the brush, the shampooing, the plunge, and the delightful splashing with cold water—and though I cried, “Not too hot,” my old Arab understood the philosophy of contrast too well to oblige me—the soaping, and the whole operation, seemed to stamp the character of my performer. When he gets to the Prophet, he will be promoted to his grand *Hammam*, and have as many Houris as the Sultan. On reaching the couch room, I found my friend still ready to *wait*; and, swathed in towels, for an hour I reposed, while the soles of my feet were rubbed: and after a nap, and coffee, pipes, sherbet, lemonade, &c., we were on our donkeys, and riding back to the port and our boats. How the clear, delightful air seemed to rush into every pore as if a thermometer had regulated the atmosphere for us—every breath seemed Paradise! How beautiful the mountains in the setting sun—the high temperature of an air, one remove only from the tropical.

Back to Nile and its refreshing waters again. I dined with my friends; but, as the wind was fair, and they were forced to wait for their men to make bread, (a contingency which I had guarded against by instructing my dragoman to buy a sheep and bread for our men that we might not delay,) I was soon leaving beautiful Osiout. A piastre had given each of my Arabs a bath, and they were in as fine spirits as I was; and in the evening, as the clear bright moon shone upon the forms of Gebel Osiout, and the Libyan chain, and the wind carried us on, while the stars were reflected on the water as I have seen them in clear Lake Lemman, or on the Rhine at Basle, the Arabs told a beautiful story, in which I recognized a likeness to one of the Mollaka stories of Percival. They told the story of Joseph and Potiphar’s wife, and their usual exciting tales of Antar, and his beautiful loved

Hybla. They told them with flashing eyes, interspersed them with fables that might have been in Lochman, and stories from the Elif Laila and songs.

We bade adieu to El Hamra, the port of Osiout, whose donkey boys are so smart, and leaving our English friends, started with a fair wind. I sat through the evening, running over in my mind the history of the town we had left. Miss Martineau, in her work, describes the beautiful plain, and has run over the history. Here, in earlier times, even in such beauty of nature, men worshipped and embalmed the wolf, and the dog, and the jackal, because they feared them as the destroyers of their flocks. Here the Greek Emperors had a home, as Egypt's rulers have to this day. Here lived the Christian Bishop, John of Lycopolis, whose famous adventure and connection with the Emperor Theodosius of Byzantium has been well storied.

While going over the beautiful palace and gardens of Ibrahim Pacha, where Mohammed Ali always lived on his way to Upper Egypt, I could not but feel the interest of the changes: that the Christian Bishop should no more govern this charming plain, and that while his creed rules the finest part of the world, his former home is ruled by the Moslem. The fourteen minarets of Osiout; the steamboat of the Pacha's daughter, who is old now, but has been celebrated for her lovers; the many monuments of Moslem sway—what a change! Miss Martineau compares the immense plain and its fertility to the rolling prairies in Illinois, and with some justice. Osiout is the present capital of Upper Egypt, and is the most interesting city on the Nile, after Cairo. A description of the present Egyptian towns would form an interesting volume by themselves.

Soohajz is the ancient "Crocodilopolis," or city of the crocodiles, where they were worshipped. Here we were sure of seeing large ones, and our guns were ready for a fine aim. We saw two huge ones on a bank, but not in time for a sure shot. From here travellers generally visit the convent of Abou-Shenood, and an interesting place it is : the half-naked monks, running about, their delight at seeing a Frank and Christian who will give them a few piastres, are a real novelty. The site of the convent is the old city of *Medeneh Atreeb*. Mr. Curzon, in his *Monasteries of the Levant*, has fully described one of his visits here. Certainly the monks are hospitable to all pilgrims who come from Abyssinia, or are going to the church there ; and one was there, who, though black, was said to be a highly learned man. How much that Hamyar priest, (whose black skin could not conceal the delicate modesty of the scholar,) how much could he tell me of the Sabeans and the kings of the East, those who first acknowledged Christ ;—whose queen was Sheba ; and of the Abyssinian church in the land whence came gifts of gold, frankincense, and myrrh.

Though it was said we should see crocodiles after we had passed Minieh, we did not see them till we had passed Osiout. They uniformly dived into the river as we approached.

Our boat took a wrong route, and the reis was perplexed by the numerous islands here. As it went back, I crossed one of the islands and proceeded up. As my boat came up in an hour, I had to cross a fork of water up to my neck, and one of my boatmen, who had been sent to get me, stripped, and I sat on his head. Half way over, I heard his neck crack beneath me, and expected a splash ; but he carried me bravely over and dropped me on the bank, so fatigued that he could only

grin, and mutter "Thayeeb Howaga." Poor Saadi ! I liked him best of them all. He wanted to go with me to America.

Farshiout lies between Soohajz and the bend which the river makes to Dendera. Like the whole country from Girgeh, it is highly productive and beautifully cultivated. Immense ditches go to the mountains, which irrigate where the river Soohadjz or Soohadjz Moje Water and its streamlets do not flow. The water-wheel or *Sakias*, or Persian wheels, are frequently seen, and a greater industry seems to prevail in the cultivation here. The river is filled with islands, and navigation is difficult. Sometimes our boats get aground, and our boatmen strip and jump into the water, despite the *timseachs* or crocodiles.

At sunrise of this lovely morning, I was on my feet and climbing the lofty mountains on the Arabian side, the whole chain of which are called the mountains El Said, and rise in forms of castellated grandeur as we ascend the Nile. The Gebel-el-Teir was a wild chain ; Gebel Heredy was lofty and noble ; Gebel Osiout was high and picturesque ; and Gebel Girgeh higher still. But if these are grand, the Gebel-el-Said is sublime. I walked along through shady groves of the *doum* palm, which I here saw for the first time, and of which Juvenal speaks. The fruit looks enticing, resembling a pomegranate, but is said to be poisonous. Catching a view of the distant furnaces of How or Havou, the Diospolis Parva of the ancients, and which, from its furnaces, may well be called the Birmingham of Upper Egypt, I hurried back to my boat and breakfast. The mimosa and acacia trees fill this fertile plain.

Passing How, I landed again, our boat having crossed to the other side, upon the Libyan or western bank. These

Libyan mountains, like the Arabian chain, make a circuit of several miles, their gray, brown forms glistening in the sun. Between the Nile and these, stretches a semicircular valley of the most beautiful green, and spotted with a hundred Bedouin encampments and straw huts, with their flocks of camels, sheep, buffaloes, and goats. It was all primitive as the patriarchs. These, my dragoman told me, were the poorer Bedouins from Mecca or Hajji, so called. While we were walking along, one of them came up with several scarabæi with cartouches on them, saying that he had brought them from Gournou. I saw they were newly manufactured. Scarcely a genuine antique was offered me at Cairo or Thebes, for in both places the German agents get every thing. He armed himself with an ugly weapon or pickaxe, as if afraid of us.

Looking down the Nile here from the high mound along the river, as it makes a turn, what a magnificent view! a combination of the most lovely attributes of Nature, and beauties of mountain and valley; the Arabian chain bounded the vale in the distance, and between it and the Libyan chain flowed, through the most luxuriant of plains, the lovely Nile.

Thus O Egypt, has the Almighty Power, who avenges nations, yet left upon thee the impress of beauty, as if to say that, though cursed in thy rulers, thou hast yet the marks of external and noble grandeur. Below wound the wide river and its beautiful waters. Far in the distance, grove upon grove, paradise upon paradise like, the view seemed to stretch: the town of How was visible miles down in the clear atmosphere.

But what lofty castle is this before us, jutting over the river, or rather, assemblage of castles? It is one which Isis or Nature threw down as a challenge to all the Gothic piles in the north of Europe; and in every century the Baron,—the

architect, has tried to equal it, and failed ; a thousand piles of man's workmanship could hardly equal in grandeur that bold form. Fortress of eternal rock, that over that Egyptian city of Kasr-el-Said, and stones of the ancient city Chenobuscion, rearest thy lofty form, and haltest here in boldness and grandeur, which the Drachenfels, or Hudson's cliffs, or Gibraltar, cannot excel ; thy lofty battlements, thy terraces of hundred surmounting strata, thy clusterings of fluted columns, and points and spires, which the glacier can scarce rival ; thy pillars, like *vertebræ* of a huge animal, thy broad eternal front reflecting its dark form in the clear glassy mirror below—contrasting in grandeur with the puny forms of the dates and palms, skirting the green at thy base ; like man to a pyramid : what are man's attempts, St. Peter's Church, the Pyramids, or St. Paul's pile, when beside thee ? Slope away again from the river, wild mountains of Araby. It is a noble work, that last of thine, Dame Nature, and you may well retire with such modest grace.

I passed here a boat of two acquaintances, and English ladies ; one of whom I had met two winters since in Italy, who had made the tour of Syria, as English ladies, without any protector but Lord Palmerston's letters. One of them I had known to be an affectionate wife in Naples, and who had given a large sum recently to the new English Church in Jerusalem, for an organ. I fired a salute, and the echo of the report bounded through those mountains, and replied again and again.

On an island we passed three or four crocodiles, the largest I ever saw. That motion of theirs—half awful, half disgusting—their huge size, makes one think of the formless *larva* and the theory of the old Rosecrucians, creeping into

life, and gazing with its dead, dreamless eyes. They were worthy of being gods of old-*reposing* Egypt, like the sphinx or god of whom it may be said :

“Sedebit eternum que sedebit.”

Further on, mountains still noble. A boat of two English travellers, brothers ;—Messrs. B.—one a reverend, who had been to Wady Halfa, or second Cataract. In the evening the steamboat, with Dr. Lallemand, passed. He afterwards told me that he went to Philæ and back, and I believe was only a fortnight. He said that he thought a sail-boat must be intolerable. I could not go in any other with pleasure.

The panorama of Nature of this fine day is to close. Never did day close more finely. Such a sunset ! such clouds and colors, before the monarch of day leaves this clear atmosphere, as if in regret ; such ranges of golden hues, such a liquid expanse of splendor, and fretted gold, and gorgeous curtain upon curtain of cloud rolling over ; and scarlet and crimson, and all the colors. I would be a pantheist of old Egypt, and sun worshipper, did I not know that thou, O God, my Father, made it all—

“These things of beauty that are a joy forever ;”

and for these I thank thee.

In the afternoon of the next day, I stopped at Ikhmim, on the east bank, to explore the ruins of the celebrated *Panopolis*, spoken of by Yates and several travellers as being the city of Nero ; but inquiring at the Christian Convent of the Austrian *propaganda*, I found a most polite missionary, with whom I had a conversation in Italian. He assured me it was not the site of *Panopolis*, which was far distant ; that there was no arch there, of which Conder and Yates speak so positively. I was

most politely received, and he pressed on me coffee and pipes, but I pleaded the fair wind, and got away. It is said to have been founded by Ikhmim, great-grandson of Ham, grandson of Cush, and son of Misraim: here of old the magicians had their chief seat.

The proper Panopolis, the polite ecclesiastic told me, was near Soohajz, and does not agree fully with Wilkinson's account, who copies several inscriptions from it here.

The oppressive taxes of this town, I doubt not, are the secret of this wretchedness that seems so irreconcilable with the fertility of the country; the Pachas, here the cruel task-masters, suck up every thing that is produced.

At the Arab town of Iboseir, we leave the last town of the ancient division of Middle Egypt, and enter the Thebaid. It was not far from here that two of my acquaintances from England had their boat capsized in a gale, and it sank. All their clothes and stores were lost or spoiled. They were invited by the Governor of Osiout to his house, where they remained till they refitted another boat and went up. The danger is great in a heavy wind, and the agitation of the Arabs ludicrous.

What fertility! Here the Nile has conquered the desert; and these little struggles of Osiris and Typhon you see all along up the Nile. How drew the old Egyptians their mythology from nature!

Tahta.—The fine wheat of the rich, open plain, is dwelt upon by all travellers. There are large coal-pits here, the coal being burned from the acacia; and we, being marketing in coal just now, put to the shore to purchase some. I found here an eminently trading people. They wished to sell me sheep, turkeys, geese, lambs, chickens, &c.; but we had laid in our mutton at Osiout, and pushed on to the village of *Gau-el-*

Kebyr, or *Great Gaw*, to visit the ruins of the ancient Antæopolis, which I examined more fully on my return.

Among the beautiful islands that abound in this fertile part of the Nile we wind, enchanted at the increasing purity of the air, rejoicing in the most perfect health, and thankful for the Creator's gifts that are so boundlessly scattered over these fertile plains. The wheat crops and all kinds of grain, beans, and peas, charm the eye and perfume the air. We had heard of the excellent bread of Millawi, and stopped for some.

Above Soohajz we passed Menshieh or Moonshieh, which has a Coptic church, convent, walls, and fine groves—the site of “Ptolemais Hermes,” or the Hermes of the Ptolemies. A quay only remains. Its fine wheat and bread are famous. Here we enter the Said, and are rejoiced at the dryness of the climate, the clearness of the atmosphere, and charming beauties of this smiling land. The Romans, in the times of the Emperors, sent their invalids here for health; and no wonder, for in all the world there is scarce more congeniality of the atmosphere. Here no exciting volcanic air, as in the baths of Baïæ in Campania, gives unnatural fire to the blood, but the dry, clear atmosphere gives you that unconsciousness of being aught else, than a creature made to thank God for his gifts.

In the morning, at sunrise, I left my boat and started for a walk to the mountains. Passing through a plain rich in all kinds of grain, I kept on up the river. I walked through numberless Bedouin encampments, with flocks and herds; but, strange to say, I could buy neither milk, eggs, nor bread, which was usually my excuse for a chat.

The incidents with my reis and crew would form a book of themselves. We started well, and for four days it was all

happiness. The first difficulty was, their refusing to drag with a slight head wind. I rose and stormed in English and French, which latter my dragoman alone understood, and made them leap out of the boat and obey me. At Benisooef, my friend the Frenchman Castellan, by his lectures to them when he visited me, and by threatening to inform all the Hakim Pachas up the river by letter that I was on my way, and if I was not there at the proper time, to have them punished—and a few other influences—carried us swimmingly up to Luxor, although we had a head wind nearly all the time. I never struck one of them a blow ; though twice, to frighten them, I levelled my pistol at the heads of one or two of them, and used to practise putting a ball through an orange, and always pretended to have a most violent temper, which really made them afraid that, in a fit of passion, I would shoot one of them. The fear that one has in starting alone from a town in the extreme part of the Nile, entirely at their mercy, soon wore off, and I was soon as much at home with them as in my father's house. It was ever "backsheesh" at night, when the boat stopped ; whenever my dragoman went ashore ; and I always gave them a little. An occasional glass of wine to the reis and steersman, a little brandy to them all, cigars almost daily, for I had five or six boxes not fit to smoke, always conciliated them. Sometimes I would order coffee to all around ; and sometimes, when they were out of bread, I gave them all my own store rather than have them stop. It required a great deal of management, which was constant occupation and amusement. After five or six days, they were down on me for a *harouf*, or mutton, and the promise of a sheep at Osiout quieted them : now I would give them one or

two turkeys, and nothing would give me more pleasure than "Howaga thayeeb."

I found out my dragoman early and drew the purse strings upon him, giving him only a hundred piastres—one pound at a time. The prospect of getting the *job* of being my dragoman through Syria, kept him from violence and too open fraud. He had no influence with the crew, and all the storming I was forced to do myself; and he was only fit to set my table, and lie down and tell me stories about Damascus, and Aleppo, and Bagdad. He was harmless generally and sometimes provoking. I once threatened to pitch him into the Nile, and once came very near thrashing him. In my excursions I used to have one of the Arabs for a companion, with whom I could talk by this time very well, or my Syrian Turk Bokra, who was a tall man, and had he been dragoman, and the other the cook, I should have much preferred it. At most of the towns up the river where the boat lay, there was usually a guard, who was paid. At Luxor, while absent one night on an excursion, some of my best clothing was stolen. The next morning I refused to pay the guard, who had done his business so badly. I finally flung him a piastre, and he joined my dragoman in some words in Arabic, which were not very complimentary. These little affairs were but momentary, and only relieved the monotony that I began to feel.

Girgeh.—How prettily this town looks. Its tall minarets; its houses with pigeon tops, a species of architecture which strikes you a few villages below. Its thick grove behind, was beautiful; it was formerly the capital of Upper Egypt, and a very large town. There is a governor here; thousands of Turks strutting through the town; and some important-looking dignitaries, Greek Albanians. The stores have the best articles

of Upper Egypt exposed for sale. Here we saw the boat of a rich Turk and his gayly-dressed wife. The women here are good-looking, and their heads ornamented with coins; numbers of soldiers are to be seen in the streets.

We left Girgeh for a ride to Abydos. Girgeh was named after St. George, patron saint of the Egyptians, who is also the watchword of England, and the legend was obtained by one of her knights at Bibbeh, below Benisooef, where his memory is transformed into that of a Moslem saint, and honors are paid as such to his memory—dragon and all.

PART II.

PROVINCE OF THE THEBAID, IN THE ANCIENT DIVISION OF UPPER EGYPT.

CHAPTER I.

ABYDOS.

ABYDOS or This, How, Dendera, Cooft or Coptos, Coos, Luxor, Karnac, Gournou, Medinah Tabou, Thebes, Biban el Memlook, Al Asassif, Hermonthis, Esne, Edfou, Eilythyas, Gebel Luxor, and quarries of Hadjar Silsillis, Koom Ombos, Assouan, Philæ.—Among the ancient Egyptians these were the principal sites. But commencing with the earliest days of Egypt's splendor, we find three great sites of empire, Abydos or the ancient *This*, situated sixty miles below Thebes, (built a few centuries from the date of the pyramids and Memphis,) and which we are now approaching. It had sixteen sovereigns reigning while Cheops built the first pyramid. Over this province of Tanis, which extended from where we are to Dongola, beyond the second cataract, ruled the predecessors of Rameses the Great, whose names are written in the tablet of Abydos. Of their structures, their surmounting capitals built as long before Rameses as the apostles of Christ were anterior to us, of Aby-

dos, of Memphis, nought remains. Thebes was then an unsettled plain. The superstructures of Rameses the Great, and Osiren at Abydos, at Aboosimboul, at Thebes, built upon these, still give an idea of the glory of Egypt throughout the valley of the Nile. A pyramid of Cheops or his contemporaries, a granite sanctuary * of Ositarsen, or a tomb cut in his time,† and such solitary records as the tablet of Abydos, alone attest their existence or their history. Like Babylon, like Babel, like the localities of young earth, their sites are the ruins of their empires, and we look at them alone through the dim glass of their successors of thirty centuries ago—to whom they were yet, by ages and *siecles*, an ancient race.

While at Abydos I could not but rehearse the ages that had passed in Egypt's earlier time over that spot. The ancient This, it alone of all Egypt, save Memphis, stood as the locality of the first founders of Egypt. We do not conceive it necessary to go to Wady Halfa with Miss Martineau, and look over into Dongola to see this. We can contemplate from this, as a *point de depart*, the dynasties of Egypt. Here before the Augustine age of Rameses, and his father Osiren, (who built these kingly halls,) lived the earlier dynasties, who were as much anterior, says Bunsen, to Rameses or Sesostris, as Augustus was to our era. The excavations of Messrs. Salt and Bankes have thrown true light upon the history of Egypt; the tablet of Abydos contained the name of Sesostris as its last name, and is the grand regulating touchstone—the Doomsday Book of Egyptian Chronology. I ran over in my mind the history of this age before Abraham came into Egypt; of those who built here before the building of the pyramids, and who lived here at This, upon whose foundations

* Karnac.

† Beni Hassan.

Rameses built, as the tower of London is built upon Cæsar's foundations. "Here once stood a flourishing empire !" From here what civilization had its rise ! I once thought the age of Sesostri's ancient ; how ancient Herodotus thought it, but how modern it seems ; what a *Periclean* advance upon his predecessors, standing here upon the ruins of This. He built here ; and when you creep into the inner parts of these old temples, and the palace where his statue was found—into places so filled that you cannot enter, where Miss Martineau said she sent in the Arabs to count the alabaster columns ; when you look at these walls, covered with sand, you sigh, that Rameses should have looked upon the ruins of his predecessors as we look upon his. The distinctness of the bas-reliefs and figures is such, and the paintings so beautiful and so delicately executed, that you would fancy you were in Pompeii, or Herculaneum, or some remains of an era of eighteen centuries, instead of one of three thousand years.

Here doubtless Menes, or his successors of the first and second dynasty, established their seat as the capital of Upper Egypt, as they settled first at Memphis, and thence proceeded up the Nile, (for, ethnologically and historically, the fable of Meroe and the descent has been exploded.) Five thousand five hundred years ago, (according to Bunsen's questionable chronology,) Menes turned the course of the river Nile, making the change so spoken of.

Abydos was on the road to the Great Oasis ; Ethiopia had early been settled, and hence here *This* was the favorite site by which it attained its grandeur. The other remains at Abydos are only some mounds and rubbish ; and, save these remains of the palace, there is nothing. But a locality older than the pyramids—a locality older than any site save Mem-

phis—how it grows on one ! Let us turn to Miss Martineau's work for the recapitulation of the history. Abydos, like Luxor, and Gournou, part of Karnac, and most of Thebes, was built by Rameses, and his father Osiren, who has dedicated the temple to Osiris ; and the whole area is sacred to him. But where were the Hebrews while Rameses was building here ? Joshua* was vanquishing those nations of Palestine and Syria who were opposed to the Jews. Of these circumstances there can be no doubt. The tablet of Abydos† of the predecessors of Sesostris agrees perfectly with all the monuments in the orders of reigns and dates, which is more than can be said of the only other royal story of Egypt of Manetho, and is in accordance with the temples. How unfortunate for the early tales of Egypt, that the beginning is broken away. What might it not teach us of the patriarchs and earlier prophets ? But we turn away from this interesting place, from its dust-covered mounds, its sand-covered palace, and its flapping bats. Why does not Mohammed Ali clear this out as he has so well done Dendera and Esne ? How the sandstone roof shines in the sun, as if in hope of the memory of Rameses being better represented. We leave the clear sculptures and paintings with regret, among which was the boat of which Miss Martineau speaks. The ride from the temple to Balliani is like the ride from Girgeh to Abydos. The sweet perfume of the fields, the bright sun, the happy and industrious people going to and returning from the fair fields, crops of vetches, wheat, barley, lentils, flax, the Egyptian bean and sugar-cane, enchanted me the whole way. Miss Martineau, St. John, and all writers, have dwelt on the beauty of this

* Champollion.

† Miss Martineau.

plain. Farewell to thee, Abydos ! well art thou called *Arabat el Matfoun* (Arabat beneath the sands).

On our return from Abydos I met my boat at Balliani and there being a settlement of the Almé here, I was forced to see again this exhibition as a pastime, while waiting for my boat. I stopped here both going up and coming down. It is a small place with only one or two mosques.

Rouda, and a sugar manufactory.—Passing this place we stopped a moment. Piles of sugar-cane were lying upon the shore and guarded by Arab soldiers. It had been brought here by the boats, and we could not purchase one stick for love or money. In the sugar manufactory bones are used to heat the boilers, and rags and papyri, and the remains of Egypt's necropolis.

So we go ; manufactories and steam engines on the site of the towns of Rameses, and the Setorsasens. Any thing but railroad and steamboat on the beautiful old Nile.

Such is our life on the Nile. A strange, rare luxury it is, unlike any thing else in the world. Now you can take your gun and go on shore, and though the middle of January, walk through a rich plantation of *dourra* or the bearded wheat, or maize, or some fragrant field of the plenteous land. A mound or dike separates you from the view ; you jump over it, and find yourself in the town of some ferocious dogs or hospitable Bedouin. Now you are tired and wander back to your boat, popping over a few birds to save your reputation. Now you sail by a mountain filled with the caves of anchorite Eremites. Now you go ashore at a town where there is a market and an assemblage of Gwawazie. Now an ancient Egyptian structure of the Pharaohs. Now a pile of the Romans. Now you sketch the picturesque mountains. Now

you study the formation of the strata. Now 'tis a pipe. Now coffee. Now a tale from your dragoman. Now a song from your Arabs. Now a boat passes laden with pottery from Geneh. Now another with slaves from Darfour. Now one with the Sultan's flag, and the wives of some Turk. Now a crowd of trading Arabs, whom our boatmen hail and try to excel in blackguardism, in Arab style. Now groves of palm alone to gaze at. Now picturesque landscape of acacia groves, villages with their eternal dove-cotes, and the date-tree, all along the shore, ever having under them a clay-built village or *Belled*, and ever beautiful. Now your boatman cries, *Timseach*, "a crocodile," and has his spear ready or your gun, but is always too late. I never could shoot one, but always fancied, as does every one, "*that I hit him.*" The dryness of the atmosphere is a great peculiarity. Meat of a sheep that I gave my boatmen at Osiout has hung nearly a week in the open sun and air and not spoiled, though it is as warm as summer.

CHAPTER II.

Visit to the temple of Dendera.—The walk through the doom-palm Villages.—Crossing the river.—First sight of temple.—Rubbish.—Ruins.—The temple.—The effect of the front.—Columns.—Countenance of Athor the Egyptian Venus.—The idea of the temple.—The ruined temple.—Grand temple.—Typhonium.—Sculptures of the gods.—Sunset from the temple.—Evening in the temple.—The supper.—The Bedouin camp.—The bivouac.—The fires.—The watch-dog.—Canopus and the southern cross.—Mussulman virtues.—The women.—The morning.—The Repast.—Second visit to Dendera.—The smaller temple posterior.—Historical part of the temple.—Sculpture of Cleopatra and the Ptolemies, Alexander, &c.—View from the mound.

AFTER landing at Dishna, about four leagues south of Geneh, I started on a very bad donkey, with one of the boatmen, to visit the temple of Dendera. After an hour I sent back the donkey, and proceeded on foot through the delightful groves of doom palms, of which Juvenal speaks in his satires. About two hours before sunset, we crossed the river in a ferry-boat, and after walking an hour, beheld on a distant mound of rubbish, the far-famed temple of Dendera. Another hour's walk carried us through fields of barley, beans, vetches, and lentils, and over the mounds of rubbish which completely surrounded and partly concealed the temple. But what an awful feeling of grandeur struck upon me, when, without waiting to go round through the portico, I bounded down the wall and stood before the striking fabric. There on the ceiling move

along the heroes and gods, the priests and kings, the great and good and powerful of Egyptian mythology and story. There are the colors that have stood the storms of eighteen centuries, and along the better protected roof, the winged globes are repeated, gliding into one another, surrounded by stars, where the blue is so fresh that I half imagined myself in the Senate chamber, in the capitol of my own land. Above the capitals, Isis, in the character of Diana, receives offerings of the priests. Further on, in the next entrance, she surmounts the beautiful capitals. This is more indistinct than the *pronaos*, and is probably the ancient Egyptian temple erected to Athor; the *pronaos* having been erected afterwards and consecrated to the Roman Venus, in A. D. 65, by Tiberius Cæsar. I will not describe the several rooms through which I passed, one opening upon another in more or less distinctness, the sanctuary and side chambers, nor that passage seemingly into the ground, where after crawling along with a light, and driving away the bats, I saw the most distinct sculptures of the whole temple, the sweet face of Isis, and the wonderful artistic beauty in the countenances of the priestesses, following me in my dreams days after; nor the staircases, the procession of priests, the feasts, the beautiful forms of Egypt reclining on their delightful couches, the heroes in their sacred boats, the zodiacs above, and the place of the statue below. All these are for the guide books.

But I pass to consider the philosophical idea of the whole, the purpose for which the temple was erected. Athor has been defined by St. John as that principle in Nature by which things naturally assimilated to each other are brought together for the production of new and beautiful forms.

This principle, the generative power of Nature, was a

beautiful and divine goddess with the ancient Egyptians. As the fount of all creation and beauty, Athor was worshipped. That power which produced and continues the human race, the mystery of conception and birth growing out of beauty and love in our race, and with which the animals are like us endowed ; which in the vegetable creation, as the seed decays, and the *pollen* and *anther* are brought together, produce the new germ : this creative power of Nature was Athor. It was a sweet woman ; a beautiful form—a woman and mother ! To this power was the temple erected—beauty, love, creation !

Her face—the sweet form of a woman, in which the Egyptians embodied that idea, surmounts the capital. The Roman, when he came, welcomed the idea, and associated it with his goddess, who was worshipped as the same power ; he consecrated it to *his* Venus ; though a less philosophical idea, and more material attributes, belonged to *his* divinity. He placed the Roman coiffure on the Egyptian head-dress, which deforms it still. From her (Athor's) bosom too issues the world ; and before your eyes, in distinct sculptures, glide the universe, the heroes, the processions of sacred boats, the priests and gods. On they move, and your eye follows them—the gods of the olden time. Osiris, covered with his plumed helmet ; Isis, smiling with her sweet face, and budding form ; Horus, the son of the beautiful heroic wedlock. Further on, the spirit of the creative power is exhibited ; love and pleasure reign, musical processions, festivals, offerings and sacrifices to the gods ; priests carrying fruits and flowers ; Isis, Osiris, Horus, receiving gifts ; monarchs returning from victories with the rich spoils of time, speaking their names in cartouches in the living stone ; and with whom the Ptolomies, the Cleopatras, the Cæsars, are proud to mingle their own.

Now comes birth. Isis, or Nature, in her many attributes and presiding powers, here appears in the character of nurse, or the Lucinian Diana. Here, with the infant in her arms, she receives offerings from the priests: this is repeated above the *pronaos*, above the façade, full in all the capitals. Go where you will, it is some modification of the same idea.

In reviewing the effect of the temple, I was struck with one conviction—the superiority of the ideas of divinity among the Egyptians to all the other so-called heathen nations. Whether, degenerating directly from the patriarchs and the true God, they were less sunken in their ideas than the Greeks and Romans, certain it is that their worship was higher. It is not the worship of mere sensual pleasure—it is the sacred idea of love, generation, and birth combined. The rites were not such as required the prostitution of virgins as at Ephesus, in Greece, at the temples of Venus; it is the sacred institution of wedlock—not Venus presiding over awful profane pollutions. No! it is Isis in the character of chaste Diana. The sweet face of Athor smiles upon you, not with wanton temptation, but with half-maternal benignity. The artistical power in the female statues is not displaying the charms of the courtesan. Nowhere is the smile of Isis that of the harlot: it is all that makes marriage sacred. They might have written above,

‘TO BEAUTY, LOVE AND WEDLOCK, CREATION, AND BIRTH.

I read several hieroglyphics, among which I noticed that the names of Cleopatra, and her son Cæsarion, were the latest. I noticed also the names of Antoninus Pius, Trajan, and several other Roman Emperors. In searching for the name of

AOTKRTR, *autocrator*, Emperor, indicating the name of *Claudius*, or *Nero*, (who are designated on all the Egyptian medals thus,) and which Le Lorrain had left when he detached the zodiac, and carried it to Paris, I could see that some one (*Frenchman* in all probability) had endeavored to deface the remaining part. I had a clear idea of the zodiac in Paris, which I had often been to the Bibliotheque to examine, and satisfied myself that the deception was exactly what Champollion describes in "Fourier and Napoleon." But who can deface the marks of Roman sway in the entire edifice? the ceiling of the planisphere, and names, surnames, *cartouches*, titles, symbols of Tiberius, Claudius, Nero, and Domitian.*

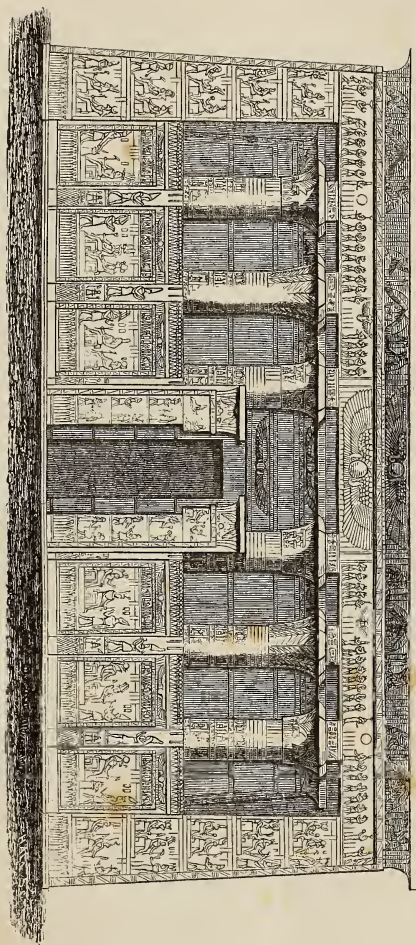
The moon was far up when I came out of the temple of Dendera. The boatman advised me to go to the Sheikh-e-Belled at Dendera, as the people in the villages were reckless, and the modern town had a very bad reputation. We walked up the river bank two miles, until, reaching a wide plain, we came among numerous flocks of Bedouins, and one noble-looking old man of one party attracted me to the fire they were sitting around. A thought struck me to pass the night there, and going among them, I claimed their hospitality. As my approach aroused them, one seized a pickaxe sort of weapon; but my manner instantly assured him that I was a harmless intruder. Summoning my best Arabic, I went up and saluted the old man and his four or five sons, whose wives were sitting in the tents around, and whose sons' sons (for they all had a family likeness) were sitting with him around the fire. I represented myself a *hadgi* or wandering pilgrim, exploring the *birbehs* or temples, and that I was poor, and

* See Appendix, Note A.

begged to stay there for the night. The green grass and a mat, before which a bulwark of woven straw was placed, seemed the only chance for a bed, as I knew I ought not to think of looking near the women and their tent, and I was determined to trust to their disposal of me. He seemed to thank *Allah* for the opportunity of performing one of the Mohammedan rites of hospitality, and I could now see that the women in the tent were busy making bread, and the elder sons, the husbands, milking the cows, preparing coffee, &c. I had meanwhile been given the best place on the mat, and the old patriarch was doing his best to look what he could not say. Luckily, I had Marcel's vulgar Arabic dictionary in my pocket, and we had an interesting conversation. I could not but think, as I saw his venerable hairs, his noble brow, and his numerous posterity, and their camels, cows, sheep, goats, calves, &c., two hundred in number, I should say,—of Abraham sitting at the tent at the cool of day. I had seen one of them praying, and his silent, real devotion, unlike the affected manner of the displaying Moslems I had usually seen, would have done credit to the most devout Christian. I knew they had Abraham and the prophets, and I ventured to remark to him that “Abraham once entertained strangers, and had entertained angels unawares ; and, though he might be pretty free of the honor of having an angel in his presence now, that I still trusted God would reward his hospitality as he did the patriarch.” He seemed to be highly pleased at the flattering comparison I had made of him to the “father of the faithful,” laughed at my conceit about the angel, and swallowed some other stories of his resemblance to the old Chaldean Bedouin.

I should have thought of my own romantic position in the

TEMPLE OF EDFOU.





camp of a Bedouin, and prospect of a blanket of those bright stars that were glittering above me, had not the dignity of the old Bedouin; the absence of staring among the women; the silent conduct of all the men; their respect to their father; their politeness and delicacy to me; the refreshing repast of milk and eggs and warm bread they set before me; their apology, that it was all they had; their breeding, that would have adorned the table of a pacha; their quiet, restrained mirth at my failing with my fingers in getting the warm bread and eggs into my mouth without crumbling them; their fragrant Mocha coffee, and sweet perfume of their Syrian tobacco; their noble forms; their dignified and healthy frames; their tall height; their bronzed color; the *tout ensemble* of the scene,—so carried me away that I forgot myself. Then I had come among them pretending to be poor and without a *para*, though I had money secreted in my breast; pretending to be defenceless, though I had a pocket pistol; of a different religion, and yet, though late in the evening, they unhesitatingly cook me supper of their best, give me their best mat, and cover me with their best cloak, thanking God in their prayers for the opportunity to exhibit one of their sacred laws of hospitality. And when, during the whole night, after I had laid down and pretended to be asleep, I found one keeping guard all night, and renewing the fire now and then, driving the mosquitoes away from me, and doing all he could for my comfort,—I could not but feel, as I gazed up at the bright Canopus and the constellations that brighten only this clime that borders on the tropics, that God had made men to live thus; and the simple devotion of these noble Bedouins, their reverence for the patriarchs, their virtue, was as sweet an incense to the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, as the

noblest chant that ever echoed through Westminster Abbey, though Handel or Beethoven were leaders—as the most gorgeous display in St. Peter’s—the most favorite Christmas service in Trinity. Here, as I gazed at the bright stars, I fancied myself a young Chaldean in the tent of the sons of Shem, or a Sabeian of that Ethiopia which is only a step from me now. It is so sweet an oblivion of all past—of every thing but God, patriarchs, and young creation! The silent flocks are sleeping under the bright moon; the soft air is without a drop of moisture; the camels are around; the Arabs, wrapped in their burnouses, sleeping; the moon shining in the face of the old Sheikh, which, with his long, spotless, majestic beard, was turned towards me; and I, stranger from a land thousands of miles away, whose white, pale face seemed like linen among their bronzed countenances, was falling into as sweet a slumber as, when a boy, I did after closing the window from a moonlight gaze at my own native hills. I thought of another wanderer, whom I have followed through the bright *Ægean*, on the shores of Spain, in Italy, through the Alps and the Rhine; and I have seen the first part of the dream:

——— “the gentle hill
Green, and of a mild declivity”—

at Annesley Hall, near Newstead Abbey, and now I was like him—a boy sprung to manhood:

“In the wilds of fiery climes had made himself a home,
And his soul drank their sunbeams;
* * * by his sleeping side
Stood camels grazing, and some goodly steeds,
And a man clad in a flowing garb, did watch the while,
While many of his tribe slumbered round:

And they were canopied by the blue sky,
So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful,
That God alone was to be seen in heaven."

Next morning I astonished the Arab by giving him all the money I had and several of my articles, gloves, handkerchief, &c. He accompanied me again to the temple, and we explored some other passages. I read several other records not copied by either Champollion, Salt, or Wilkinson. The Arabs followed me, blessing me. Two hours after we arrived at the river and nearly opposite Gheneh. I now saw my boat on the opposite side, and after shouting some time we brought it over, and I prepared myself by a warm bath, a delightful slumber, a breakfast, and was ready for the modern town of Gheneh—such a contrast to ancient, solitary Dendera. The mind can never be too clear to appreciate the transitions of ages and localities on this stream.

CHAPTER III.

Gheneh and its bazaar.—Abyssinians.—Turco-English Consul.—Dr. Cuni.

“Sabean odors from the spicy shore
Of Araby the blest.”

MILTON.

LANDING at Gheneh I walked through the bazaar ; a crowd of the Red Sea boatmen were there from the port of Kosseir, with which this is connected, and through which English pass to and from India, and Arabs of Arabia have kept up their intercourse with the Nile. Many Arabs, hundreds of the Hajji pilgrims returning from and going to Mecca, here an Italian *hakim*, there a Jew or Greek, who had lost himself in this obscure land, and above all the numerous Abyssinian men and women (who may be seen hereabout in perfection) interested me. I was passing through a street which seemed made up of the Abyssinian Gwawazie or dancing girls, and a crowd of Turks were collected before a coffee-house, where a pretty one was dancing ; I was invited by several to make the usual contribution of fifty or one hundred piastres, and see an exclusive performance, but I hurried back to my boat and started on.

Gheneh is a great place for the manufacturing of pipes, and some of the finest clay-pipes I ever saw were for sale at the rate of two for a penny. Here you may buy the perfumes and gems of rich Arabia, and many rare articles of India and

the isles of the Indian Sea. Dr. Cuni, a French Consul and physician, to whom I had a letter from the author of "The Wanderer," who sojourned here on his return from the far Southeast, gave me the most oriental marks of hospitality, and nothing but Thebès would have carried me away. I could not but look with interest upon his wife and bright-eyed child, that might have adorned any saloon in Paris, far removed here from the houses of European refinement, but preserving all the cultivation of polished Parisian life. The Doctor showed me a crocodile, just killed and stuffed, which was well called by him the *crocodil enorme* ! for such a monster I never saw. There is an English Vice-Consul here, a Turk, but I did not see him. Taking a hasty, but most delicious Turkish bath, for which I paid the enormous sum of two piastres, and a fair wind springing up, I was on my way to Thebes. The two boats of my three English, Scotch, and Dutch friends, with whom I dined at Osiout, just now hove in sight below ; and I found I had no reason to spur up Antonio, or the Arab men, for the rival spirit animated both, and they were as anxious as I was that the American colors on the Nile should excel in the race. On we sped, and I found my little boat was a famous sailer. We rounded the river here, and entered the sunny, smiling Thebaid. The boats were determined to pass me, and I had unfortunately one boatman ashore, as he had crossed from Gheneh, and passed to Aboó Girgeh, upon the west bank, to see his relatives there. I had to take him in, but it took me but a moment ; as we passed a rocky point, he was ready, and jumped on board. On we went, passing Quoos, or Coos. Coos, the Apollonopolis parva, smaller city of Apollo of the Greeks, is here ; and Negadeh, where was the city of Maxi-

man, and a Coptic Bishop, and once a powerful Coptic colony, of which all travellers speak—but who would stop at them when Gebel Gournou is in sight in the distance, and we are so near mighty Thebes ! Here in times of earliest Egypt Osiris lived. At Coptos were celebrated the sacred rites of Isis, and here were legends of her. It was said here she bewailed the loss of her husband Osiris. At Took, we gained a beautiful view of the mountains, and a break in the valley discovered some of the finest scenery on the Nile ; and there, in the distance, is the lofty mountain of Gournou ; and soon we will gain the view of Gebel Luxor. Thus, then, the object of all my aspirations, the reward of all my difficulties of travel, is attained. Thebes, Luxor, Karnac, are within less than twenty-four hours' voyage. All my spirit was, however, in the race. The boats gained upon me, but until sunset my colors were triumphant ; finally, however, their boats came up. We saluted with our flags at half-mast, and in a few minutes put to the shore, where I accepted my friend's invitation to come into his boat. We passed gayly the evening before Luxor, and, while dreaming on the divan at midnight, I felt the boat stop.

The next morning I was greeted by Luxor's famed temple as I issued from the cabin. I was soon there, and could scarcely disagree with my Scotch friend, who returned to the boat with a long, sad face, saying, there was nothing *to see* but a very fine obelisk ; that he thought there was something to see, but there was nothing : and, indeed, when you see Luxor, it loses much of its impressiveness from the barking dogs, and modern Turkish towns, and Governors and Gwa-wazie, and Arab huts, that guard every approach ; and filthy Arabs about it.

But the impression, as you approach for the first time on the north side a temple of *ancient* Egypt, for I had never seen one before, and see those half-buried statues, and that obelisk, whose fellow in proud grandeur towers above the palaces, even of Napoleon, in the Place de la Concorde in Paris; when you trace that battle scene of Sesostris, defaced so by Persian vandalism; when you wind up that worn staircase and stand on the top, passing the names of Osiren and the great Rameses, seen for the first time, and look around over the wide plain of Thebes to Karnac and its city of ruins; not all you have ever read of travellers' descriptions or paintings can equal this sublime impression.

It was, as I have said, morning, and my boat lay beneath the great temple of Luxor. It was a proud moment as I hurried over the stairs, and stood before the time-worn portico. The battles of the conquering Sesostris are still sculptured on the walls; the helmeted statues are still grand. The obelisk is still beautiful, but lonely, as if the loss of its brother, which the French Emperor had carried to Paris, had tamed its pride.* I clambered to the summit of the edifice; I gazed over the plains of Thebes on the opposite side of the Nile. The statues of Memnon stand clear in the morning light. Behind, the ruins of Memnonium, so called, invite to the beautiful repository of Egyptian art. To the north are the temples and palaces of Medinet Habou, and behind them all, the mountain where sleep the queens. To the northwest lies Gournou, with its less distinct ruins, and behind El Assasif, the sacred valley of the temple of the Dair, and the tombs of the priests and

* Since writing the above at Luxor, I have again seen the obelisk of the Place de Concorde at Paris, surrounded with the paltry trappings of the *fête* of May. How insignificant they seemed, and what a profanation of Luxor!

sages of old Egypt; and over that lofty mountain, is the deserted valley of Biban el Memlook and the wonderful tombs of the kings. Between them and us are the plains of Thebes; we are gazing upon it from the ancient Diospolis. Its walls, its hundred gates, its twenty thousand chariots! What we see is all that remains. The Nile flows on as when Luxor was founded by the people who survived the flood. This barbaric structure upon which we stand has the impress of ages. The name of Sesostris is upon the walls; his conquests cover the temple. It is the least interesting of the ruins of Thebes; and yet, when you look at its single obelisk transported to Paris, towering, as it does, above the temples there, who cannot feel how noble was the aim of the ancient Egyptians! We mount the other side of the temple; my Champollion's Grammar and Dictionary are faithful, and I can read the hieroglyphics, the secrets of more than thirty centuries. The architecture strikes you as rude, like the Etruscan architecture of Italy; like the rude works of a primeval age, the first endeavor of a race to build structures. It is more rude than Medinet Habou, or even Southern Dair, and only the structure at Gournou, which bears the name of King Osiren, the father of Sesostris, can at all compare with it in antiquity.

But the temple of Luxor, whose columns so strike you from the ruins, is too well described for me to say any thing new here. Engravings and paintings have made it familiar. It is beautiful when seen from the river, but disgusting from the huts about it; half of the sculptures are covered by wretched Arab huts, where you gain admission through the miserable entrances. Dogs are barking at you for being a Christian, and women barking at you for backsheesh; taken all together, it spoils the effect of the whole. There is none

of that noble solitude, that sublimity of desolation, which makes Karnac such a stupendous poem: and imprints it in characters of sublimity ever on your soul.

Through Arab huts and barking dogs, and not less troublesome vendors of antiques, we hurry to the still noble columns of the great temple of Luxor. How magnificent the capitals! How perfect, still, the chambers! Here in one is the birth of Osiren, who founded it; there the conquests of a Pharaoh. Part of the temple one side of an Arab town; the other, fragmentary chambers, distant from each other. Fancy would group them together, and give some idea of the original vastness of the edifice. The columns still show its grandeur,—the space it occupies, its vastness. The palace was built by Osiren, the father of Sesostris.

Karnac, Temple of Ammon.

——“till within soar
Of towering eagles, to all the birds he seems
A Phœnix, gazed on by that sole bird,
When to inshrine his relics in the sun’s
Bright temple, to Egyptian Thebes,
He flies.”

Milton.

But we had seen from the temple of Luxor, the distant temples and obelisks of the city of Karnac, standing a mile from us in all the distinctness of a noble modern city; and yet all we saw was of Ancient Egypt, and a city three thousand years old. Among the groves of date-trees, and in that wide, rich plain, terminated by the beautiful Arabian mountains, it has slept for thirty centuries. What a contemplation!

Those forests of doom palms have seen how many countless generations of Moslems beneath their shade, and yet how many generations of groves have grown and decayed in sight of the city of the great temple !

We are riding from Luxor to the city of Karnac. We are on the road where on each side stood the sphinxes, gods, the whole way. There are a few here yet, some expressive in their lion body ; for their strength is the only attribute they possess. Their heads, their intelligence, their divinity is gone. The subdued body speaks only of Egypt's conquered gods.

I stood before one of the porticoes of Karnac. The gods are there : Osiris in dignity, Isis in rich, gorgeous beauty, the conquering king, the gifts, the rites, the offerings, the acceptance by the gods, Egypt's oft-told tale.

In the Meneptheum, the figures are still distinct and deep. The conquests of Meneptha the First, are there. Time's impress is clear.

In the grand court of the temple of Karnac, I realized one of the sublimest visions of my youthful fancy. A court of ruins, the single fallen column, the unbroken silence, the sculptured wall, the broken colossal statues, the ruins around, above, beneath. I stood indeed among the ruins of empires of the world's youth. In the distant columns of the awful temple, an owl was hooting. I sat upon a pillar and gazed. It was Byron's dream. My Arab with his spear and flowing beard completed the picture.

Among the forests of lofty, beautiful columns in the great hall of the temple of Karnac, I passed hours. It is beyond description. The names of the heroes and kings are numberless, the scenes on the walls, the colossal sculptures, the pas-

toral scenes, the battles, the perspectives, the halls of columns, some fallen on each other,—how vain to enumerate—to describe ! I have seen it by sunrise. I have been there at mid-day, at sunset, and by the light of the pale moon. I have scared the jackal from the ruins, and heard the hyena howl, and among the things of beauty that will ever be in my remembrance as a joy for ever, is Karnac, by moonlight.

Karnac ! The mind recoils from a description, and prefers to say nothing ! The day spent there on our way up was so glorious, my solitary sojourn at sunset and in the evening such ; the first view from far-off Luxor (two miles) of a city of ruins, a forest of obelisks and temples and antique columns—the whole approach—so grand, the effect so overpowering, and the solitude so magnificent, the Hall of Columns so stupendous, that I dare not venture on detailed description.

It is a conception answering the highest idea of art ; *it is perfect in its kind* ; it is the grandeur of desolation—so complete, like that “*circle*” of beauty in the soul pictures of Guido Rene, in the Holy Family of Correggio, in the cartoons of *the* masters. A perfect completeness, it lies, unexcelled in majesty, in extent, in those fertile plains of the Thebaid. A greater traveller than I am, says, “There is nothing like it in the world.”

I threw away my Champollion ; I forgot its details, despised its history, knew no story of Jupiter Ammon ; but for hours, leaning on the stones before that forest of three hundred and sixty columns, contemplated the grandeur of the scene. I had seen nought of Thebes as yet, but stayed, and stayed, and revisited it four times, and never fully drank in the glorious poetry, never filled my soul with the true “genius of the place.” It is awful ! overwhelming ! overpowering !

But the time came when I rehearsed all its stories of Osirtasen and the Pharaohs of the patriarchs—the Rameses, the Pharaohs of the Mosaic period—of Sesostris, of Shishak, of the Ptolemies, and Alexander. And when No-Ammon, with all its poetry of ruin, and all its glory of history, seemed grander and nobler than ever; the temple of Ammon and Jupiter almost as grand as when all this Diospolis was in her highest splendor, and those broken sphinxes around were perfect; those painted halls fresh from the pencil, and the idols crowned with garlands, and the temples filled with vessels of gold and silver, and crowds stood in those stately groves to wait for the virgin clothed in white to be led forth a victim to Father Nile:—When No-Ammon told me, in her ruin, in her history, in the painted hieroglyphics on her walls, the confirmation of the historians and prophets of a people, whom God chose to be a scourge for the cruelties and the crimes which, among so much splendor, Thebans allowed, to pollute themselves; I felt the true beauty of the work over whose ruin, with folded arms and bended stature, I stood mournfully musing.

To view Karnac historically, you must begin with the ancient granite structure between the Propylon on the east and the *Hypostyle* hall of grand columns. This, built by Osirtasen I., 1920 B. C.; or, according to Bunsen, 1000 before Moses, or 2573 B. C.; was added to by Thothmes, 1710* B. C., whose names may be found upon the walls. The space between had four obelisks, of which one is erect, and the rest fallen and in fragments. Passing the Propylon and remains of two statues of Rameses II., we pass an obelisk thirty feet high, which (Champollion says) was erected by a *lady*; when ap-

* We use the chronology of the Septuagint, remarking that Bunsen and his school differ many hundred years.

pears the wall of old stones, the granite gateway, in which you still see the place for the kings. We mounted this, and looked down into a deep place; the granite is finely polished and set.

The granite *Sanctuary*, after the grand Hall of Columns, is one of the finest parts of Karnac in its preservation. The ceiling is as blue, and its golden stars as distinct, as if painted yesterday. The cartouches are beautifully colored, and the most conspicuous have the beetle-marked name of Thothmes III. Names of travellers from all parts of the world cover this beautiful hall. It is built of Syene granite, highly polished: writers have dwelt upon the infamous and voluptuous uses of this sanctuary; the obscene pictures and rites I leave to them. Suffice it to say, that Lepsius has carried away some of the most conspicuous of them to decorate the museum of his royal master in Berlin, where they will doubtless form a cabinet, like the secret museum in the Borbonico from Pompeii at Naples, to amuse the royal, refined purity of the Prussian Prince, as does the other that of *King Bomba Lazzaroni*. The Sanctuary or Treasure-house took its name from the discoveries and excavations of Lord Belmore. Some of the oldest granite blocks are after this; and you descend deep into a grass-grown and low, seeming sanctuary, where I saw a huge serpent, and avoided the rank grass that grows there. A long forest of ruins—temples, shafts of columns, capitals, end in a huge gateway of gray granite stretching to the north, where you find the finest sculptures of the Greek era, and whose lofty proportions, and elegant devices and hieroglyphics, tell the once majestic extent of the famed temple of Jupiter Ammon. Pedestals of two obelisks we pass, and another miniature hall of the Grand Hall, but which is said to have been its model, called the Chamber of the Kings,

and of great antiquity, carries us to a portico commenced by Alexander, and unfinished ; and after, some Egyptian columns, twelve of which are standing, carry us to the site of a Christian church ; from the roof you may get a fine view, and form some idea of what was the great temple of Jupiter Ammon. Below was a court filled up with huge heaps of stone, where were two sitting statues of Thothmes, and a fortified gateway, by which the inhabitants of Karnac on the southeast approached. Far in the distance towered the mountains ; west of this, to the river, were the walls of two temples having the name of Rameses II., with a little grove of trees between them, and some sphinxes.

The colossal sitting figures of white, which are in a direct line with the central avenue leading to the gate of Shishak, are of beautiful sculpture, and so perfect that I thought they were of marble, and Greek art of the time of Alexander. They represent a naked figure, with a sort of kilt about the loins, and a girdle around the waist ; they are formed of a single block of white crystallized sulphate of lime. The other statues are similar, but constructed either of higher-polished black syenite, or of red pudding-stone, like those at Gournou. The names on the accompanying walls show dates four thousand years ago.

Here, by this lake, were palaces surrounded by houses of brick, stuccoed within and without, inclosed by courts, vineyards, and gardens, and adorned with alcoves, fish-ponds, statues, and painted obelisks.

Through a still standing avenue of sphinxes among groves, we pass to another field of ruins belonging to the old city of Karnac.

One of the most interesting parts of Karnac is perhaps the

least visited. It lies to the east, toward the Arabian Chain, and is called the temple of Typhon :* the huge idol dwarf polutes it with his image. Near is an artificial lake, extending around, and inclosing on three sides the ground where once doubtless stood a palace. Now there stands there but a court of lions' statues, and statues in black granite, crumbling away among images of sphinxes and female statuary. Around this the artificial lake reflected in clear water the ruins of an ancient temple, and palace of old Egypt. Upon this you may shoot your game, and fancy what Karnac was. Statues of sphinxes, with women's heads, fill the plain around. The temple of Typhon stands but a short distance off between us and the grand temple of Karnac. Who can gaze here, and not feel the genius of the place?

The nearest part of the temple towards you is that of the time of the Greek Emperors, where stood the two still perfect Greek statues in white limestone.

What must have been this lake when, surrounded by palaces, crowds of happy creatures gathered in these courts, and wound among this rich forest of sphinxes and lions' statues, among the sculptures of females, and rare mystical monsters? Such was this sweet lake as now : this was a garden—then youths and maidens were here :

“ In drapery like woven snow
 These nymphs were clad ; and each below
 The rounded bosom loosely wor
 A dark blue zone or bandelet,
 With little silver stars all o'er
 As are the stars at midnight set.

* Typhon, the hideous dwarf—a devil ; he strikes you as a devil. See Leviticus xvi. ; Agazil ; also Bahr, Ewald, Hengstenberg, Tholuck.

While in their tresses braided through,
Sparkled that flower of Egypt's lakes,
The silvery lotus, in whose hue
As much delight the young moon takes
As doth the day god to behold,
The lofty bean flower's buds of gold ;
And as they gracefully went round
The worshipped bird, some to the beat
Of Castanets, some to the sound
Of the shrill Sistrum timed their feet,
While others at each step they took,
A tinkling chain of silver shook."

And thus it is, one is ever thrown back upon the past here. To be in the present is beautiful, fascinating. Who can look upon these Arabian mountains from Karnac, their picturesque grandeur against the lovely sky, and the rich fertility of the intervening landscape, without thanking God for its beauty ? And who can see that sunset, standing on Karnac, near the hills that encircle Thebes,

"While Nilus rolls his crystal way between,"

without thrills of joy such as few feel in their lives,—and this pure, glad atmosphere, of the Thebaid ! where is there aught like it ?

To-day is market-day in Luxor. Go there, would you see modern Turkish life in Egypt. There you may view the Governor, the haughty Janizary, the reckless Arnaout soldier, the white-robed Arab, the Gwawazie beseeching you to enter, the thousand costumes of this peculiar land. And yet who would accept a Turkish governor's invitation, when he has an evening to spend in Karnac ?

The obelisks, the one grand, and beautiful in its distinctness,

and another still standing, and those scattered broken around, bear the names of the Pharaohs,* and one says it was erected by the king Thothmes II. to his sister, Amense. He was the predecessor of Pharaoh of the Exodus. Perchance this commemorated the noble Egyptian dame who saved the Hebrew child and Jewish lawgiver.

On we go through propylea and porticoes of this immense ruined temple. Here are the names, there the deeds of the different Pharaohs.

Climb those walls, and look into that deep granite pit, through those huge walls. This was the sanctuary; the Persian conqueror destroyed it, the Macedonian Philip vowed to rebuild it. Alexander fulfilled the vow. Here are the walls and columns of white marbles, that *men* are now burning to make into lime.

Farther on, we have gone through the ruins of a city:—and this was but one temple. Descend into the deep grass where lurk the serpents, and the hyenas find refuge, and follow the still brilliantly told stories of the Egyptian kings. Thence to the grand propylon, to the most eastern side.

Turn to the east, and clamber those hills of rubbish, and gaze on the noble plain; and to the south, and see the length of ruins you have passed through, and further look at another propylon and the most southern portico, and its fine sculptures, the sphinxes that led northward to the river.

Come back to the ruins and go to the north, through another vast, ruined propylon, with fallen colossi on the other side.

Go further on, where, before a portico of deep sculptured, beautiful granite, stand two statues in spotless forms, worthy

* See Champollion's Grammaire Egyptienne, p. 277.

of being called Apollo's, and whose sculptures tell the glory of the Macedonian rule in Egypt, and you have not half seen the temple of Karnac; and when you have seen all and filled up with your fancy, much, you have not then half seen the temple of Karnac.

Through the bright sunlight of this burning day, I have been among the stupendous and mysterious records of this once proud temple of Karnac—a city of ruins still.

The innermost part of the propylon is filled with travellers' names. Here Englishmen from India record their names with Americans from St. Louis. The names of the Thothmes cover the walls as you advance; how dark, how time-worn, and yet how magnificent! The granite sanctuary so fast crumbling away, and yet so old, built a *thousand* years before Moses,* is overpowering.

The Palace Temple increases the Christian's satisfaction. Here no Christian can come and not feel that his faith is on the foundation of the apostles and prophets, and is from God. Here are the conquests of *Sethos*; and his greatest conquests sculptured in the highest artistic beauty, as distinct on these walls as if done yesterday. I have distinctly made out the conquests of the Shepherds. The hieroglyphics above his figure in the chariot are an interesting story.†

After, follow very beautiful sculptures; the story is Sethos routing the Arvadites. Sethos is also represented routing the Scythians, whose Coptic name in enchorial, answering to the hieroglyphics, is the same as the Hebrew; a representation is seen also of the captives of the Arvadites, whom Sethos has discomfited. Sethos is represented in a car drawn by beautiful horses, routing the Jebusites.

* At least, so says Bunsen.

† Champ. Dictionnaire Egyptienne.

Sethos is also represented routing the Canaanites. His victories over Canaan are recorded. "He desolates the land of Canaan," says one inscription. All these, I believe, are spoken of by Osborn, but what an advantage to find such a proof and illustration of Scripture as the whole history of his conquest presents! Here are shown the conquest of Sesonchis over Rehoboam. In the Palace Temple in the next picture Sethos is routing the Σως, an unknown nation; these are supposed to be the Canaanites. He next is routing the Syrians, and his triumphs are splendid; afterwards the Arvadites are routed. The additions of Rameses the Great follow next.*

Passing from the obelisk to the propylon, we find on the walls of the hall, a representation of two ram-headed boats, with the sacred ark in procession. On the south side these sculptures are beautiful. After the battle scene on this side, the king and his prisoners are returning to the Nile, which is marked by crocodiles.

King Osiren is dragging prisoners before the Theban trinity. A hawk is hovering over a human sacrifice; and among the lists of the countries captured, are Mesopotamia, Bahrien, and Joudahmelek, kingdom of the Jews; a hero killing a chief with a spear, like Hector and Achilles. A people of Jewish physiognomy are storming a fort.

The story of Shishak is represented here, but only three captives bound to a stake remain; we leave that to the "proofs of Scripture-prophecy from the monuments." Among the names of places conquered, are Canaan, Megiddo, Kingdom of Judah, Valley of Hinnom, Petra, the dukes of Edom, Bethlehem, (Birch,) House of Millo, (1 Kings, ix. 15,) City of Hebron, (Num. xxx. 22,) also the names of the god Bel, (see 1 Kings xviii. 27,) Astarte, &c.

* See Grammaire Egyptienne, p. 511.

CHAPTER IV.

West Thebes.—Medinet Habou.—The first small temple, and its histories.—The second larger temple—the Roman part.—The Christian church—palace—temple of Thothmes I. and Thothmes II.—Thothmes Mæris.—The palace residence of Rameses Meiamoum.

I LEAVE to the pages of Murray's Handbook, Conder's Egypt, Miss Martineau, and the numerous writers who were my guides, the description of this beautiful ruin of Egyptian art; and those who would satisfy themselves by mathematical proof, I refer to Champollion's *Grammaire* and *Dictionnaire* for the translation of the inscriptions, names, and dates.

Thothmes I. was the original founder, and his temple remains. Thothmes II. and Thothmes III. continued the work; whose names and cartouches are still colored very distinctly, though the rooms are so low that you must stoop to enter. Built in the time of Joseph, you look upon this part with interest. Champollion, in his "Egypt under the Pharaohs," and his "Letters," has dwelt upon this part. The three courts of the magnificent palace erected by Rameses III., (the same, according to Diodorus, with Mendes or Mæris;) the historical *bas-relief* battle scenes; the portico, adytum—inner temple dedicated to Osiris; the Tank, and lion-headed statue of Isis; the splendid battle scenes, boat processions; priests recording offerings to the gods, and victims; the procession of the Ark; the chains of sacred "keys of the Nile;" the lion-attended

Rameses in battle; the lion hunt; the naval fight on the outside; the Birket Habou, or Lake of the Dead; the rubbish-covered ruins,—have all been described again and again. But where can one find the description of this fine temple, which has records of the Pharaohs,* Ptolemies, Cæsars, and Christians? which latter covered the walls with mud, and erected a church, whose pillars still stand.

The architecture of Medinet Habou is so grand, the paintings so gorgeous, the colors so perfect, the battle scenes so distinct, the histories and monarchs so interesting, I could not but admire the temple. Turning to the north, we left the grand court where the Christian church stood, and ascended some steps standing on the top of the temple. What a stupendous view! Thebes stood before us, and we were in the most properly Theban structure. Shamy and Damy were to the northeast, in the middle of the plain; the lofty mountains in our rear; and the far distant ones, that towered to the east behind Karnac, bounded the unequalled view; and Nile, flowing on as she has ever flowed, giving wealth and luxuriance around.

Again, from our boat, moored on the west side, I gallop on these fine horses of Thebes, with our guide, over to Medinet Habou. I entered the palace of Medinet Habou.† The gods at the entrance are carved exquisitely out of the light brown stone. The Theban triad, Ammon, Mouth, Chons—Osiris, Anubis, all are there. I stood and gazed out of a window. What a scene! The figures so royal! There is a queen sitting before her husband, the king Osiren, who is coying with her;—a family picture of the Pharaohs. Here was the win-

* Champollion's *Grammaire*, pp. 321, 329.

† Ibid., pp. 251, 289, 290, 311, 366.

dow where the kings and queens have leaned and gazed out, on so many a bright sunset evening, over this plain. How it annihilates three thousand years to stand here, in this royal palace! The oriel window in Kenilworth, where Leicester used to gaze on the plain—*that* seems old; so does the Bourg Schloss castle and its window of a German baron, on the mount above Baden. But here! in the palace of a Pharaoh! to see his love scenes, his domestic scenes, his portraits! It is a tribute to the eternity of art,

“For the artist never dies.”

The floor is broken down, but you can distinguish where the second story is, where this chamber stood, with its window. Others of the chambers are uninjured.

The fallen pillars strewn through the wide and beautiful courts; their capitals, of the highest architectural beauty, covered with sculpture and polished; the grandeur of its passages, colonnades, battle scenes; and the ancient palace temple of Pharaoh, attract you. But still I was ever called back to the palace residence of Rameses Meiamoun, whose painted ceiling, of an azure ground, was studded by golden stars, almost as fresh as Roman Dendera. The distinctness of the sculptures, the warlike deeds of this descendant of Sesostris, please you. True, the ram-headed deity, Ammon Ra, the first of the Theban triad at the gateway, detracts from the beauty of the effect, (upon which Mrs. Romer dilates;) but who could not, like her, forget it in the sculptures and processions, so well preserved and so old?

Medinet Habou has a Christian temple in Greek style within its walls; but what is even that, with its Greek columns, to the testimonies on its walls in favor of Scripture

truth? The battle scenes go round the whole, fully answering Richardson's and Conder's descriptions, which were my guides through it. Among the most interesting is Rameses smiting the Hittites. He appears shooting them with his arrows, while the name above relates the story: "He smote them." The priest is above, recording the number of the captives; the hands cut from each are falling in a shower at his feet. "The hearts of the Hittites faint within them, for Rameses pursues them as a young lion pursues his prey. Give yourselves to mirth; I am to Egypt what the god Mendon has been; I have vanquished the companies. Ammon Ra, my father, subdued the whole world under my feet, and I am king on the throne for ever."

For other inscriptions, refer to Champollion.

Manetho confirms this, and also the inscriptions which say he drove them to the bounds of Syria.

The *Memnonium* I visited next.

After riding round the grand entrance, or propylon, I went leisurely to exploring the battle scene on the river side. From this magnificent piece I turned, and rode my horse to the fallen statue of Osmandyas. Its grandeur, the beautiful polish of the black Syenite granite, the deep-cut cartouche upon the arm, the broken foot—how grand! how startling!

The next, properly the palace of Rameses, how beautiful!* It represents Sesostri's conquests, and those of Sethos, his brother, and predecessor. Entering, you see that magnificent fabric called the hall of Osiris, four colossal figures of whom form the columns;—those of Ipsamboul, can scarce be grander. Afterwards you enter a passage, passing through broken

* Among the conquests, Sethos, his brother, is represented as having taken Punon, a station of the Israelites, near Mount Hor. (Numbers xxxiii. 43, 44.)

torsos, some standing, some fallen down, of beautiful sculpture and proportion, displaying art and preservation that no Parthenon can boast of. How splendid a ruin !

On through this temple of art, the victorious hero, the builder sovereign of the palace is ever before you ; now himself receiving, now offering gifts to the gods, who are sculptured so finely : and now you enter a building of light stone structure, and finer sculpture. The victorious conqueror is here too. - He sits, with his queen by his side, on the right hand of the opposite wall as you enter, but he has returned from a richer, a more genial clime, than even this sunny Said—from the region of tropical Asia. His captives have a Perso-Indian head-dress, and his companions are bearing trees, whose thick foliage, and hanging fruits, show the rich luxuriance of an equatorial growth. A cameleopard, as finely sculptured as if by an artist of the Zoological Gardens, forms part of the spoils of the conquered India ; and the priests of Thoth stand with tablets, recording his victories, and the number of victims he has slain, on the fruit of a tree ; and his pencil has half painted his cartouche.

And that door, where led that ? Take up Diodorus ; he describes all you have seen—battles, statues, colossi, and all : and what stood here in that door, leading toward the mountain ? There, where ruins are fast disappearing, stood that glorious library of Thebes, and the Grecian coming hither, like us, a traveller, found written over the famous threshold, inscribed in golden letters, (would that it were written there in bright diamonds !) the magical words :

“ Medicine for the mind—pharmacy for the soul.”

What a joy that here princes, priests, sages, and their

scholars, hierophant and neophyte, came to consult the Physician of the soul—that bright letters were the glory of palaces of Egypt three thousand years ago. Where is that library, that refreshed the intellect of the court of Rameses the Great? The wise men of his realm were great still, as their figures show, in all that is noble of race: for the deluge had not long left the world green, and the patriarchal nobility of the young creation had not wholly degenerated. Where are those treasures of the intellect of Thebes and Diospolis? Alas! all gone. Perchance they formed a bonfire for Cambyzes without the ancestral halls; perchance, like the Alexandrian treasures, they lit a Mohammedan bath. The rituals written here are preserved only in coffins of the dead, or give renown to an European museum; while coffin, ritual, mummy, and all, form the fuel to prepare many an Arab's dinner: and the noble papyri, the genealogies, the records of the high and beautiful civilization of these antique and once gorgeous palaces, are all gone.

Would I picture a proper device for Egypt, it should be the priest of Thoth, with reed and torch inverted, gazing at this desolate ruin, where the Grecian philosophic traveller found wisdom, and “balsam for the soul.”

With a heart too full for utterance, I turned back, and mounted my horse. You shed tears by the tomb of a loved one, but if they pour down your cheeks here, it is from mingled sorrow at the desolation, and exultation at the thought that you are made in the image of a race that was so great, so civilized, and knew so well the powers of the mind and the secrets of the soul thirty centuries ago.

From such a past, and its contrasts with the battle scenes, we turn away, for its true glory redeems the blood-marked

victories of Sesostris's conquering car. For the value of art, we sigh at the foolish childishness of Cambyses in destroying so much, and wonder that so much remains where he attempted to destroy the whole. It is a noble, a beautiful work ; so thought Siculus, so thinks Warburton—so thinks every one : we would as soon attempt to describe the “Venus de Medici.”

Such a beautiful architectural wreck is that magnificent pile the Memnonium ! From the majestic portal that faces the statues of Memnon and the Nile, through its whole extent, till you reach the lofty rock entrance in the rear ; from the battles to the victories ; they tell of triumphs that put to shame Napoleon, and show the ridiculous vanity of a conqueror, whose energy claims admiration, but whose cruelty and vanity are but ill redeemed by such beautiful art. Do the noble Colossus, in its breadth excelling the height of four ordinary men ; the sieges, the astronomical figures, which tell the date, 1322 B. C. ; the offerings to Mendes ; the six courts, and richly sculptured chambers ; the remains of the 200 columns which once stood here, some of which still stand, and others adorn the museums and galleries of the world ; the crumbling Propylon, of which two hundred feet are still entire ; the Dromos, or Portico ; the Osiris Court, and its statues of the god with crossed sceptre ; the basaltic figures and gigantic statues of Sesostris ; the Pronaos, and Great Hall, with its nine compartments, its mythological processions, its offerings to the Theban Triad, its chambers with the budding lotus capitals, its ark processions of the priests, its ceiling of stars and astronomical processions and sacred boats, sacred birds, winged globe, crocodiles ; Nepthis, and the mysterious emblems of the Hierophants :—do all these at all redeem the

vanity or cruelty of the great hero, who has been so often historied? Such was the vanity of conquest then, such the animal pursuit of war, such the beastly triumph of victory. Will the world ever give hope of advancement, while such passions and their rewards mark distinction among the race? Sesostris conquered India, Napier the Scinde, and Russia the Hungarians. It is all the same; whether India, China, or Mexico;—a *bas-relief*, a *painting*, a statue—the conqueror sitting in “*glory*,” the victim handcuffed at his feet, a priest of Thoth, or Isis, writing his victories on the tree, a Congress passing a “vote of thanks,” an assembly “decreeing that he has deserved well of his country,” a Parliament feeling a poet laureate, or a Queen giving a baronetcy, earldom, or the garter; it is all the same;—this is that “*glory*,” which those who think of a Howard, in his labors of love, view as only the blood of history’s shambles.

How beautiful to stand at sunrise before the statue of Memnon! Your fancies are so rich, and you can find music in your soul there at such an hour, if none come from Memnon. Here you see,—leaping from your horse’s saddle upon the pedestal,—the testimonies of the lady friends of Hadrian, and many travellers, in Greek and Latin, who heard the voice. Perhaps you modestly cut a letter of your own name on the calf of the leg; perhaps, like Sir Gardner Wilkinson, you have the courage to climb to the breast, to see the rock where the priest concealed himself who kept up the sound, and the rock which sounds like *struck brass*. I contented myself with striking the leg, and fancying it had a ringing sound; but that is mere moonshine, for

“Hushed is that strain;”

and Memnon's music but lives in the poetry that in every age has been written upon its note. Strabo, Ælius Gallus, and Diodorus, were happy men, and they were not like us from America, who came further, and fared worse.

The usual ideas come up here—the time-worn statues; what kingdoms have they outlasted, what revolutions outlived, defying time and the Persian destroyer! Continents have been settled from bound to bound; worlds discovered, civilized, ruined—still they stand historians of the ages and the *æons*. Coming from a land which has in no fabric, at least that I have seen, a stone or timber that belonged not to a quarry or forest three hundred years ago, the very idea of these statues made my soul widen and widen, and my imagination stretch so, to think they were of time and history, and yet only half of time; and this earth's history: and then I thought of the world's stars and their histories; and then I thought of long, long ago creation—and then eternity—and God! And Memnon's music then seemed *spherical* music, for it brought me to God by conclusion and comparison; and I was never satisfied till I stood before the statue of Memnon: and now as I sat on my horse, and thought what it had been there, and oft since in my mind, low whisperings came to my soul,

“from that immortal sea
That brought us hither;”
“I saw the children play upon the shore,
And heard its mighty waters rolling evermore.”

And standing here, we can picture to ourselves more than elsewhere the grandeur of ancient Thebes, with her hundred gates; she who sent forward to the Trojan war the hosts of the “*nigrantis Memnonis*.”

Here stood the two statues at the entrance to a grand court of statues, that extended to the Memnonium under the mountain. The whole plain to the mountain has fragments of statues, all lying in a line.

And the road to the river, where lies our boat, and over which we are just to spur our horses, had, doubtless, another court. This was the royal street of Thebes, mentioned in the papyri of ancient Thebes. What was this in the time of Osiren and Memnon ! What a field of buildings and temples you looked over, towards the palace of the descendants of Rameses and Sesostris, now the ruins of Medinet Habou ! How gloriously rode the triumphing kings along that royal way, as they returned from the conquests ! How many answering sounds around met Memnon's music at the morning light ! How desolate the plain now ! How many ages of desolation since then !

From Medinet Habou you proceed north to the valley of Hadj Achmed, and in a side of the mountain are a few tombs of the queens. The way is wild, strewn with rocks, and filled with precipices ; the mountain gaps of a sterile and desert appearance. In the most terrible gorges of Switzerland or Scotland I have never seen nature so awful as in this pass. It would be a fit place for a Pandemonium to be laid in. Here the robber might well find his home ; and our guide's spear, which he now and then turned towards us, brandishing, seemed a reliance. I mentioned to my friend that I had left my pistols, and he replied that it was the very time we needed them.

In the valley of Hadj Achmed lie the tombs of the queens. These we visited, after Medinet Habou and the southern Dair. The tomb of Queen *Taosri*, who married *Sethos*, first king of the nineteenth dynasty, we explored, and it is one of the finest

in Thebes. Most of the monuments speak of that king's inheritance in her right. Champollion quotes many of the inscriptions in his Grammar. This was 1269 B. C. Sethos erected the avenue of sphinxes at Karnac, and the small chambers of the front area, and was predecessor to Osiren II. and Amenophis.

Among the most distinguished, is that of *Amunmeit*, or *Amun-tmei*, daughter of Amunoph.

The tomb of Queen Tayri, or Teari, is shown. I also entered one of the wife of Amunoph III., and also a tomb of the favorite daughter of Rameses V. The tombs are not satisfactory, as you have to stoop even when in the best part, and they are like the catacombs of Alexandria. They have been injured by fire. The painting is not fresh, as in Biban-el-Memlook. In the tomb of Queen Theti is some interest.*

The tombs of the priests lie in the valley of El Assassif, which you see from the mountain precipice above the valley of Biban-el-Memlook, stretching below to the south of the temple of northern Dair, and in the way to the Memnonium. They are made up of the private sepulchres of the rich Thebans, the largest and finest of which is that of the celebrated priest and prophet Petamenoph and his family; his name is at Medinet Habou.

The pitfalls all along, in what was the necropolis of ancient Thebes, and where modern Thebes finds her fuel in the mummy cases and papyri chambers cut in the rock, ornamented with fine paintings, show manners and customs which you do not see in the tombs of the kings. Some of these are highly illustrative of Scripture; and Hengstenberg, Osborn, and others, have dwelt upon them. Some of the entrances

* See Champollion's *Grammaire Egyptienne*, pp. 276, 408, 394, 357, 404.

are very perfect—cut in the rock, and ornamented with paintings and sculptures; and in some you have to enter *à la Belzoni*. Here you may unroll mummies and read their history: and very fine ones are found here, though the difficulty is, to get them through the custom-house. The scenes in some are finely depicted—the threshing and hunting scenes.

And the thousand marks of the nothingness of men is so exemplified here!—a Pharaoh's ribs cooking an Arab breakfast!

“To what strange uses do we come at last!”

The subject is not pleasant, and has been over-written.

The small temple of Isis behind the Memnonium was considered by travellers of the last decade to be the oldest monument in Thebes;—this, and the granite sanctuary in Karnac. This temple is really beautiful and perfect. It is approached by a mountain passage. Several pits are to be seen near. It is a mile from Medinet Habou. Numerous ruins may be seen on the way to it, all along the plain.

Gournou is considered by many to contain some of the oldest monuments in Thebes. The sculptures, for the most part, bear the name of Osiren. Colossal statues of Rameses II. and of other monarchs, and fragments of other statues, are scattered throughout the plain. The most striking ruin is that of Aerebek, the architecture of which is in the same style as Medinet Habou. The columns are made of lotus-reeds bound together; and the names of Meneptha I. and Osiren are scattered over them. This style of architecture adorns the oldest ruins in Thebes. The pronaos has like piazzas of three columns each; and on the walls, which are crumbling away, figures of Osiris with his scourge and crook in his hand, the

hatchet, the ark, the lotus fruit, the winged globe, the serpent, fine bas-reliefs, offerings to the deities, among whom is Ammon Ra, the ram-headed deity, from which we suppose that Jupiter Ammon was worshipped here, as also at Karnac. Here was the hall of assembly of ancient Thebes. Here the Theban senate discussed the policy of government, receiving the decrees of the hierarchy, who governed here, as well as in the temple of Jupiter Ammon. The ruin, when seen by day, appeared simple and beautiful; and afterwards, when returning by moonlight, at midnight, from the tombs of the kings, the pale light threw shadows through its halls, wrapping the dim figures and names in a splendor, which accorded well with their antiquity and obscurity.

Near these ruins lies the beautiful village of Gournou, which, among the Arab villages of Egypt, is perhaps the most attractive. It is extremely well built, and surrounded by fertile groves, like the ruins in the midst of a plain of luxuriant corn-fields, and fields of as fertile crops and fruits as when Osiren had his palace residence here, three thousand years ago.

A part of Gournou, which is fronted by the pillars of lotus reed, it is said was built by Menephthah I., and his son, Rameses the Great. One of the inscriptions, "Menephthah Barei, son of the Sun, constructed this habitation for years." Here Menephthah offers flowers to the Theban Triad.*

We visited next the temple Dair, which in its construction by the Queen Amunmeitgori, tells some interesting histories of Egypt.

Just under the lofty precipice, which is above the Biban-el-Memlook, and from which one of the most awful prospects

* See *Grammaire Egyptienne*, p. 441, 159.

in the world may be seen—I mean the deserted solitude of the valley of tombs behind, and the magnificent desolation and fertility combined of the plain of Thebes in front—lies the temple of Dayr el Bayr, or the “Temple to the North.” I have already spoken of the ruined avenue of sphinxes which led to it from the Memnonium; near it is the Σηκος, or sacred inclosure, of one of the most ancient of temples. It was supposed to communicate with the tombs of the kings, and Dr. Yates says with the tomb of Sammis. Dr. Richardson considers it, with the small temple of Isis behind the Memnonium, to be one of the most ancient fabrics in Thebes. At the end of the avenue of sphinxes formerly stood some obelisks, which you can barely trace.

The gateway of the temple is of fine architecture, and in several of the chambers there are granite tablets, or *steles*, which have been described by Champollion.

On the way to the ruins of Gournou are fragments of a colossal statue, formerly, as it is supposed, of Rameses II. The whole way is strewn with fragments of statues.

Returning from Gournou by moonlight, with the guide, while galloping along the desert, near what the rubbish and bricks denoted as the site of a ruined town, in a most desolate and dreary cemetery, with a few turban headstones, my horse started at a fierce growl, or snarl, from an animal before him. Riding on, I saw a horrid sight; a wild dog had just been feeding on a carcass of what seemed in the moonlight to have been the body of a newly buried Arab, but it might have been the carcass of some other animal: and this sight, so common in the desert outskirts of Egypt, would hardly have attracted me or the horse, had not another more ferocious beast just approached, and whose glaring eyes, and whining, screeching

howl, told me that it was the hideous hyena. Two vultures and some buzzards were shrieking above, and stooping down at intervals. The dog was scarcely willing to relinquish his unhallowed feast, even for so hideous a visitor; and, while peeling the flesh from the leg, "as ye peel the fig when the fruit is fresh," the hyena, snapping at him, seized another part of the carcass. At this hideous struggle, horrid as it was, I gazed an instant, but I saw a jackal, who had snuffed the carcass, bounding up, and as instantly away; and in two minutes a distant, horrid roar came upon the wind. By this time the guide had ridden up with his spear, and cried, "Howaga, Assed! saba!! a lion! a lion!" We were now with both our horses on the full run; and when I thought of all the tales of jackals informing lions of prey, and considered our danger, I could almost feel the lion leaping upon my horse's back, his hot breath behind, and his claws tearing the flesh off my back. But our terror was changed into joy at seeing in the distance before us the white turbans of some horsemen, and we soon distinguished the tarbouches and dark robes, and gleaming pistols and harness of two Effendis of Luxor, of the Governor's, or Kaschid's house, who had been upon a ride over to Gournou, and were returning to their boats to cross the river. Our galloping up, and terror at the lion, only seemed to amuse them, as their attendants prepared their arms; but the old Effendi assured me, "*Mouch assed*," (it was no lion :) and I thought that only perhaps the horrid hyena, or wild dog's howl, had even magnified the guide's fears as well as mine, into a lion's roar. We soon reached our boats.

CHAPTER V.

Visit to Biban-el-Memlook.—Tombs of the Kings.

WE left the valley of Hadj Achmed in the evening for a moonlight ride over to the Tombs of the Kings. A more wild, romantic ride I scarce ever had; the lone mountain and the sterile rocks are unlike any scenery I have ever seen, save the Pass of the Splugen in Switzerland, and the gorges of rock, and flint, and limestone exhibit such desolation of nature as I have never seen approached in any scenery in the world—the valley of Hinnom itself could scarce surpass it. Half way up the mountain we reached Lepsius's tomb, so called because he opened it; the figures are fresh and beautiful, and paintings almost fascinating; the entrance is a mere hole which you have to squeeze through. Lepsius has taken from here some figures as a reward to his sovereign, for the munificent expense which the King of Prussia incurred to make these excavations. Lepsius's firman ran in the express words, "to go where he pleased, to take what he pleased, and do what he pleased." In no place are his mutilations more apparent than in the tombs of the kings; the finest processions interrupted, the best figures cut away, while the wide, gaping space remains to attest the vandalism of the work. In the same spirit of obliging his royal master, the king, Chevalier Bunsen dedicates his work to him in return for his scientific commission. Would

that the use made of that expedition in the hands of Lepsius and Bunsen, might lead to a fair exposition of Scripture truth from the monuments, instead of being tortured by *ex parte* revelations of them to wild chronological conclusions.

We soon started again on foot to cross over the mountain, and a more dreary, solitary walk up peaks, along precipices, fearful gorges below, and the moon shining bright as day, could not be imagined. The guide, far before us, was leading the way with his long spear; and the boys, trying to keep the tinder, looked like little demons. We reached a point looking down into the deserted valley of Biban el Memlook, and soon arrived at No. 17, Belzoni's celebrated tomb, and the Arab boys having wonderfully preserved their fire, we were soon, with each a lighted candle in his hand, descending the handsome staircase, which opens from the wayside of the desolate mountain into its halls of paintings and histories. This beautiful work of the Theban *saxtons* has been admired and described again and again. We were delighted all the way down the staircase with the processions of sacred boats carrying the soul along, and as our eyes flew from one beautiful, or mystical, or expressive object to another, we exclaimed that it was far the finest part of Egypt. Certainly of all the monuments, it is best preserved. Soon we meet the name of Osiren, the father of Sesostris, for whom this tomb was constructed; then follow the mythological processions—the allegory of the sun through the hours, figures of the winged globe and the scarabaei, sacrifices of bulls and human sacrifices, female forms and faces on the columns, that almost induce you to fall in love with their complexion and beauty. I cannot here, for want of time and illustration, go through the halls and chambers that open one upon the other. The paintings are copied with fine exactness

in Wilkinson's last works, and Rosellini, and fully described in the guide-books of Egypt. Hours were spent in it in most rapturous enjoyment. In some places the painting is left unfinished. In the celebrated Hall of Beauty, is the beautiful zodiac which decorates the ceiling, and the sacred boat and the last judgment where Osiren is brought before Amenti, and his offerings to the Theban triad are rehearsed, as the best of his deeds to recommend him to benignity; you see it distinctly, and the fire that the Arab makes on the floor of straw, lights up the bright colors like day. The names of several Americans, and names from every part of the world are read on the walls in the chambers after the second descent; Champollion and Lepsius have defaced it by their destructions.

To see the tombs is to see the completion of Egyptian mythology and philosophy; their belief, the aim of their life and ambition. They seem rather a palace than a tomb; the colors are as bright as if of yesterday.

In these tombs the procession of four different people, so often described as four Egyptians, called the *Rotno*, and of three other species, receives additional interest, from the same name having been found by Mr. Layard in Nineveh.

I recall the entering descent of the staircase, the serpents representing Kneph, the spirit of good taking the body, the sacred boats, the Theban triad, the procession, sacrifices of the bull, &c. The beautiful figures of the Egyptian women and their noble expression of countenances:—the American, English and French names, and the devastations of Lepsius and Champollion are here. Then the interior room, astronomical ceiling, and judgment of Amenti follows.

In this tomb we see on the walls figures painted of the Egyptian queens' lovely faces; their beautiful dark hue pos-

sessing a novelty to us from the land of pale faces that enhanced the charms these pictures display, as well as the statues of the budding beauty of Isis and Athor, which we have seen ; and the hue left by the sun upon their cheeks, seemed but an earnest of the ardor that must have kindled their hearts :

“The imbrowning of the fruit that tells
How rich within the soul of sweetness dwells.”

Bruce's Harper's tomb, which is No. 11, suggests the idea :

“And oh be blessed, ye men of yore, whose toil
Hath for her use scooped out of Egypt's soil
This hidden Paradise—this mine of fanes,
Gardens and palaces, where pleasure reigns ;
In a rich sunless empire of her own,
With all earth's luxuries lighting up her throne,
A realm for mystery made, which undermines
The Nile itself, and 'neath the twelve great shrines
That keep Initiation's holy rite,
Spreads its long labyrinth of unearthly light ;
A light that knows no change,
Its brooks that run,
Too deep for day, its gardens without end ;
Where soul and sense by turns are charmed, surprised,
And all that bard or prophet e'er devised,
For man's Elysium, priests have realized.”

ALCIPHRON.

After Belzoni's tomb this is doubtless the most beautiful. Though the name designates it as the tomb of Amunmeses, and his queens, it was built also for another monarch of the twenty-first dynasty. On the columns figures and portraits of

beautiful ladies speak the elegant figures and features of the two queens; the expression of Madame the Queen of Amunmeses, both face and form, fills you with the highest delight—colors so fresh, figure so tall, and graceful; indeed, Madame had good reason to be proud of her artist, and the artist proud of his subject. This must be a mistake! Raphael's touch is here—it was some master of his period that did this! Titian's colors outlasted by thousands of years! Oh art! art! you are eternal here. Some of the paintings are like the frescoes of Belzoni's tomb—some are intaglios. Here I found several of the names of my friends of Cairo, Alexandria, and Europe, among the hieroglyphics of the Pharaohs. The harper is here in a little room like a Catholic shrine, of which there are numbers in this tomb. It reminds me of David and his minstrelsy. Stories of the king are in the large room, his processions, his mythology, his judgment, his sarcophagus. In one room there are seats for a *divan*, like a Roman *cænabulum*, the purpose of which I have explained in another place.* Here were feasts in the sight of the dead, a sacrifice of a human victim, freshly painted stories, and paintings, where the master's hand left off, to recommence *to-morrow—and the morrow took thought for the things of itself!* Such were the underground palaces which this king prepared for his memory! The broken columns attest the persevering mutilations of Champollion and Lepsius, whom the inscriptions of German, French, and English travellers reprobate. One couplet unjustly ridicules Sir Gardner Wilkinson: a space is filled with names of persons of wealthier position from New-York, and other cities, and England. Here you may see the oxen treading out corn,†

* See lines by the Author.

† Deut. xxv. 4; Isaiah xxx. 24; Matt. iii. 12; Psalm i. 4.

labors of the husbandmen, gatherings of fruits and grain, a monkey eating fruit, ploughs drawn by oxen two abreast, (the same used now in Egypt,) orchards, gardens, field sports, arts, trades, manufactures; sowers carrying seed in baskets;* men transporting pillars and marble sculpture; a crowd transporting a colossal statue; slaughtering cattle, casting metals, &c.

The tomb of Psammis, son of Pharaoh Necho, is one of the most magnificent in Thebes. It is 309 feet long, and contains the scenes of early Egyptian history, and the most beautiful and rich paintings. Most of all the tombs it was covered with mystical and idolatrous figures. The sacred boats, and sacred serpents, with their legs and human feet, and the Theban Triad, monsters, mysteries, astronomical and hierophantic processions of men carrying serpents, boats, mummies lying on a couch with serpents' heads, a barrow resting upon a snake, which people carried, emblematic of Kneph, or Cnuphis—the good divinity; the king offering to Anubis, Aroeris, Isis, Osiris, Ammon, Mouth, Chons—are all seen here. In one room is a well, or pit, which Belzoni explored thirty feet, and where doubtless there was a subterranean passage, in which the priests entered, and held their licentious rites after the tomb was closed up; in the same style as the story in “Bel and the Dragon” relates. In the same room is the procession of Persians, Greeks, Jews, Egyptians, who are here to attest the victories and swell the triumph of Pharaoh Necho. The negroes are as distinct as those you would find in our streets, and the Jews as well marked as those of Chatham-street. Twelve steps lead again into the corridor, in which the names of Nechao and Psammuthis occur: Isis gives tokens of favor.

* 1 Kings xix. 17; Deut. xxii. 10; Job i. 14, 15; xxiv. 3; Prov. xx. 4; 1 Sam. xiv. 4.

A handsome chamber follows : the king is offering to Anubis, Isis, Osiris ; then comes a procession of captives, twelve long decorated square columns, on which I saw the name of a New-York distinguished scholar ;* a chamber, with the hero at his devotions ; a human sacrifice, with some of the heads struck off ; and one mutilated fallen column in a room for couches.

Every variety of animals—elephants, bears, leopards, panthers, lynxes, giraffes, are seen ; one man striking a crocodile ; a bull-fight ; one man numbering cattle, while his master and men are practising archery ; a number of people, like Jews, are making bricks.† Here Egyptian overseers are overlooking the laborers, and among the rest a human sacrifice. Time will not suffice to enumerate the thousand illustrations of the Bible contained in these tombs. In the pages of Hengstenberg, Yates, and Osborn, they are referred to and dwelt upon.

Forms and figures of beauty, luxurious couches, and *fauteuils*, as if inviting to rest ; arm-chairs, and *chaises longues* on a sort of pedestal, ascended by steps ; a wooden bed-support ; tables, with lions' paws for feet, like a modern piano ; footstools, all are here.

Here is the economy‡ of the householder ; the butcher slaughtering the ox, the cook cutting up the joints of meat, the caldron suspended over the fire, the beggar at the door waiting for his share.

The young neophyte, like Orpheus, passed through fire, water, air ; and the danger, being magnified to try his courage, when it came to the point proved to be no danger at all. It was only a humbug to try his *pluck* ; and the priest, clapping him on his back, said, " You are a good fellow, and will make

* Dr. A——n

† Hengstenberg.

‡ Mrs. Romer.

one of us. Here is wine ; here the food of pigs, calves, goats, which we keep for food, but for idols ostensibly to the herd." This Plato—this Orpheus, when they came here, went through. Such was Mithra's cave ; such the night mysteries—the Orphic egg of the great temple ; such Eleusis and its trials ; such Elysium and its rewards. The priests waved their wands, and conjured, for the herd's benefit, monsters into gods ;

“ While Reason like a grave-faced mummy stands,
With her arms swathed in hieroglyphic bands.”

These things account for the mesmerism which we see in the tombs at Thebes. The priest is there represented as making the mesmeric passes over his subject. Their great Hermes was Joseph, who gained from his Chaldean ancestors—which they transmitted through the family of Shem—that knowledge of astrology and other subjects which were probably at that day imperfectly known in Egypt. He was their great Hermes. Such were the secrets of the priests at Heliopolis, where Joseph married the high priest's daughter ; such the arcana of Memphis and the city of the dead ; such “ Diospolitan craft and Heliopolite lore.”

Among their mysteries was the great zodiac, which, the priest interpreted to the neophyte, showing the track of the sun among the spheres, the simple laws of astronomy which our children all know, the feasts in honor of his coming in the spring, and the songs of sorrow at darkness, the mysteries of Sais. Here also was their secret reign of eternal life, which we see the priests showering over the king at Medinet Habou—a mere sign of creation, artfully disguised by the

priests ; as also their names and signs, by which they concealed plain truths, making them mysteries for the vulgar.

Moses learned these from the sacred college who presided over the twelve shrines ; but as they had learned much from the Hebrews—and their highest astrological knowledge was from Ham (Canaan), whom they adored, as well as Shem, under the name of Vulcan or Phtha, the first of their gods—Moses gave more than he received. Of their secret rites, cheats, of animal worship, &c., we have explained all that in our articles on the tombs of the kings.

Here the mystic wisdom of the Egyptians depicted the history of the soul ; the winged globe with a serpent ; rays of glory descending from above ; the deluge of the banks by the sacred river, the Nile ; and the Theban beetle, as he comes forth after the waters have passed away, and the first sunbeam falls upon his regenerated wings. Here you may see the mysterious nature of animal worship, and the refined theology, which those who suppose idolatry is impossible to man think is veiled under its forms.

Every shrine throughout Egypt was consecrated to a particular faith. At Esne it was Latopolis, the worship of Latona, or Buto, or Diana ; at Panopolis it was Mendes, the goat with the refulgent star on his breast ; at Arsinoe it was the crocodile, with a costly gem in its loathsome ears, and rich bracelets of gold encircling its feet.

Here were the emblems of death,—a lotus branch broken in two, and a small bird winging its flight from the spray.

When I stood before the dark black statues of Isis in the sculpture gallery of the Louvre, and in the temple at Pompeii before the statue of white marble, I could well understand the

secret influence of that basaltic sculpture when placed before the neophyte, after his trials, which were managed by machinery, and it seemed as if sweet Nature was being revealed to him, and she would seem like a god.

In a mere sketch like this, it is a thankless task to rehearse the pictures and their subjects represented in these tombs. The artist, by his labors, has brought them to Europe, and to us. They remain there, *tombs* in name, in purpose, but in beauty and preservation, the finest national monument and record that the earlier nations of the world have left. But a few years since, and the thresholds of some had not been crossed for thirty centuries; that granite sarcophagus contained the body of a sovereign of ancient Egypt; and, great and lordly as he was, he is only an ornament now of a glass case in a British museum, glanced at as a *mummy*! and forgotten: and yet he has accomplished his end, and is preserved, and in the hands of those who will preserve him. His horror at being "*a damp, moist, unpleasant body*," as M. Mantalini expressed it, was only a natural one, and has been well expressed by the greatest of Anglo minds, Shakspeare:

"Aye; but to die, and go we know not where!
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot!
This sensible, warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit,
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick ribbed ice;
To be imprisoned in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence about the pendent world!—
'Tis too horrible!"

Then let us not so ridicule the poor Egyptian sovereign. He despised the mere marble monument that might tell his vir-

ties to the world ; but he left a monument that historied his nation to the latest generation. Greater than marble, those temples ; than letters were, these tombs of those kings. And if he furnished a subject for a literary reunion in London, he kept his body nevertheless for 3000 years. Mummy now, he was nevertheless more knowing, in one respect, than any sovereign of the world. So let him go. Not one of the tens of thousands of boobies in London, of louts from the provincial towns, but has stared at the poor mummy ; and many have gaped with open eyes at his tomb. And yet, Oh king, live for ever ! That is, may thy body last as was thy idea of existence. The world has only stood six thousand years, and thy body and thy tomb have lasted two-thirds of it, nearly, and probably will the rest. Where is that soul of thine, Oh king ?—Oh king, where ?

The tomb of Memnon, No. 9, shows a long series of paintings, representing the progress of the sun through the upper hemisphere, (alluding to the image of the king through his lifetime,) and on the opposite or western panels the progress of the sun in the lower hemisphere—(the image of the king after his death.) Thus Diospolitan priesthood shadowed the history of the soul, drawing an analogy between moral light and darkness. This and the others show, that at this era the Egyptians possessed the idea of the immortality of the soul. They are fully decorated, showing that the Pharaohs commenced the tomb, carrying it on with their reigns, and continuing it during their lifetimes.

No. 1, is the tomb of Rameses IX. One of the inscriptions is in Champollion's Grammar, p. 478. No. 3, is of Rameses III. No. 4, is that of Rameses VIII. No. 6, is the tomb of Rameses VII. No. 5, is the tomb of Chamed. In the tomb of Rameses VI., Champollion's Grammar, p. 263,

288, translates inscriptions. No. 8, according to Wilkinson, is the tomb of King Pthamen. No. 14, was the tomb of Prince Rameses, not a king, called Rameses Mondauk. The tomb of Rameses V. has also copies of many of its inscriptions in the Grammaire, pp. 427, 186, 414, 425, 484, 483, 426, 519, 459, 419, 490. I read most of the inscriptions of his titles and history by its aid.

No. 7, as some say, is that of Rameses IV., or according to Wilkinson, Rameses II.; here, baking in its perfection is represented. In the kitchen scenes, I saw represented many of the facts of Scripture of which Hengstenberg speaks. In the altars I saw those to which Champollion, Rosellini, and Osborne have called our attention. The baker carrying the fruits on his head, I distinctly made out, illustrating the butler's and baker's dreams, and many other passages of Scripture.* No. 14, the King Pthasephthah, who inherited in right of his Queen Taosri. I saw the intaglio so celebrated, the Pharaoh attended by Anubis, and broken sarcophagus. In No. 16, I entered the tomb of Rameses I., the father of Osiren, and grandfather of Sesostris. What a contrast to that of his son! The tomb of Siptha was commenced by that monarch with great magnificence, but he never lay in it. It was finished by his successor Remeri, whose sarcophagus was there. An author thinks that this Siptha, whose queen was Taorsi, or Thaosr, and whose tomb I visited among those of the Hadj Achmed, and who was the last of the eighteenth dynasty, was the Pharaoh of the Exodus. Nolan gives the same reason for its being Amunoph. Of the four tombs on the west valley of Thebes, of which Wilkinson speaks, that

* See Rosellini.

of Amunoph III. is the best. These, though more distant, are as well worth visiting as those we have seen.

In the valley El Assassif are the tombs of the priests.

The tomb of Rochscere bears the cartouche of Thothmes IV., the fifth king of the eighteenth dynasty. Rochscere was a high court officer of that king. You may see a fine picture in the tomb, of men with the *beard and physiognomy of the Hebrews*, making brick and some transporting clay, some mingling it with stone; some taking out bricks and placing them in rows, exactly as in a modern brick furnace; others having a yoke of wood on their backs tied with ropes, taking bricks to burn. Four persons are seen who are evidently Egyptians in form and color. Rochscere was overseer of the public buildings, and had charge of all the works.* See what is said of Egyptian aliens, Deut. xxix. 10. Hengstenberg alludes to this tomb in his work.

In a part of one tomb is a history referring to the dispersion of mankind, proving that the Egyptians possessed from the foundation of their mythology the Mosaic history of the Hebrews—that they acknowledged, we hence infer—Shem as their first god, Pthah or Vulcan. One *lotus*-marked cartouche represents the name of Egypt; another, Javan or Japhet; another Ham, or Cush or Canaan, whom they worshipped, and Misraim his son, whence the settlement of the Nile and name of Egypt, *Misr*.

Time will not permit me to enumerate the tombs of the priests and private individuals, which are scattered throughout the vast necropolis. Some, far the most ancient in Thebes, are nearly all fully described by Wilkinson in his hand-book. Their beauty is not inferior to those of the kings, and the

* See Numbers, xi. 4.

light they throw on the customs of their country and Scripture truth—full of distinctness.

Thebes.—But we cannot contemplate the plain of Thebes as it is now, and as the English sportsman does (who comes up the Nile to shoot, and missing his club and London life, thinks it a great “bore”), who gazes at its ruins as so many bits of rubbish—we must on the contrary carry away from Thebes a picture in our mind, a picture complete, as it once was, complete as we would from London, or Rome, or Naples. Thus you can look at Athens, and why not at Thebes? We have travellers’ books and descriptions from Homer down, and can identify them, Greek geographers with French and English. Now let us see if we can have Thebes, and on our horse we will have a morning ride. We start from our boats along the avenue of Crio sphinxes, which lead from the temple of Luxor in Diospolis. Along through these sphinxes, the priests carried the sacred ark and the statues of their gods, in the immense Serpentine road, which formed a magic circle, leading around this side of the river, till it passed through all the temple and reached the bank again, completing the magic circle, and there crossed over to Luxor. Our road along the sphinxes leads us to the two colossal statues erected by and bearing the name of Amunoph III., called Shamy and Damy by Arabs, from one of which, called the vocal statue of Memnon, a low musical sound, like the note of a soft Æolian harp, with the clanging metallic stroke as of a bell came forth, as the morning light first shone upon it. From those which stand twenty yards apart on each side of the avenue of sphinxes, you proceed along through a finer row of sphinxes, and sitting figures of basalt, till you come to a grand pile with a magnificent pylon and figures of the gods and Sesostris. This is described

as the Memnonium. Leaving this, we turn northwards (through what is now the valley Assassif of the Arabs, and strewn with torsos and fragments of enormous statues), through a row of noble statues of the Amenophs, Sesostrises, Osirens, &c., and at the end of this causeway come to a splendid gateway, and reach the above described Northern Dair, and passing through a long avenue of sphinxes, we come to a number of obelisks. By an avenue of sphinxes we go to the two colossal sitting statues of Sesostris, and reach the old palace of Rameses II. at Gournou. Gournou seen (described above), we return to the water's edge by the avenue of Crio sphinxes to the great propylon of Karnac, crossing the river by bridge or boats, as the mode may then have been.

Had you been here in the time of Shishak, you might have seen the 1200 chariots, and 60,000 horsemen, reviewed upon these plains; and with the priests carrying sacred emblems at their head, passing through these routes, and embarking for "*Joudah Amelek*,"* or Judea, or Syria; or returning victorious with their victims. Had you been here in the time of Sesostris you might have seen his triumphal car, with kings of Europe, Asia, and Africa, chained; and bearing spoils from India, cameleopards, and trees and fruits of the tropics, (you may still see them painted in the Memnonium,) gems and gold, and ivory, gracing his triumph. Had you been here, in the time of the Trojan war, you might have seen the elegant form of Memnon, standing erect in his car, and his 200 chariots, and 20,000 horsemen, which were levied to accompany Achilles to the plains of Troy, and who only excelled him in beauty on those plains.† Or, at almost any great fes-

* See records in Karnac, Champollion, and Wilkinson.

† Homer.

tival of Osiris, or of the overflow of the Nile, at almost any of the feasts of the regeneration of the sun, or at the astronomical feasts, you might have seen the *Potiphars* carrying their ark, and emblems peculiar to their order, through the royal street, which we have just left, till they re-entered Karnac with songs of rejoicing, and music of the cymbals, and harps and drums. Perhaps it is only a procession of hierophants that greets you now, and the neophytes, clothed in white, have learned mysteries which Moses learned, and are about to be consecrated; the priests of Thoth are bearing the sacred books of the Memnonium, or the lamps of the sacred fire. But we can fancy here for hours, and have our fancies aided by history.

Here, where colors seemed first taught, sublime art has placed four thousand years ago pictures that are fresh and bright to this day. What beauty of art, what interest of history, still attracts to these wonderful paintings! The place seems not a tomb, but a festal hall. What a list of beautiful stories these paintings tell! what a glory of art! what a scene of delight the twelve chambers and corridors of Belzoni, and the other tombs!

One of the most happy conclusions with reference to the records in the monuments of Egypt is the confirmation which they receive from the new discoveries at Khorsabad, Kuyunjek, and Nimroud, by Mr. Layard; and the translation of the inscriptions by Mr. Birch, and the other distinguished scholars of the Asiatic Society, who have proceeded in that interpretation of the cuneiform inscription, to which Major Rawlinson found the key. Alike with the Assyrian names found in Karnac, names of Assyrian tribes, as the Rotno, which is in Belzoni's tomb, &c., there are Assyrian coincidences discov-

ered in the statistical and other tables at Karnac; and also, still more interesting, several cartouches newly laid open in the ruins of Nineveh. The names of Shishak, his sons Shapud and Osorchon; Nimrot, the son of Osorchon II. As to these names of the Egyptian kings of the twenty-second dynasty being found in Karnac, it is certain that most intimate connection existed between Assyria and Egypt at that time, Solomon having previously married the Egyptian* monarch's daughter, and Jeroboam finding refuge at Shishak's court. Bible history, and Egyptian and Assyrian monuments, prove that the countries were at peace; probably the Egyptian monarchs caused Egyptian artists to execute their names in the sacred characters.

Layard's discovery relates perhaps to an occupation of Egypt by Assyrians. The likeness of Ken and Astarte of the Egyptians is illustrated.

In the British Museum are the flowers worshipped by Rameses III., the Assyrian Egyptian goddess. On a Turin tablet, she is called Alste, or Adesh.

* 1 Kings xi. 40.

CHAPTER VI.

Hermionthis or Herment.—Adventure with a bull.—Esne.—Governor.—Temple.—
Almes.—Zodiacs.—Arab songs.—Arnaouts.—Cataracts.—Philæ.—Nubia.
—Abyssinia.

NOT far from Thebes on our way to Esne is another Roman temple of Herment or Hermionthis, built by Cleopatra, in honor of her having given birth to her son, Cæsarion. Reto, the second of the Hermonthite trinity, is giving birth to Hospire, the child of Reto by Mandoo. Cleopatra is represented adoring the Hermonthian bull; Apollo or Mandoo, and Jupiter Ammon were worshipped here. It is of beautiful architecture, and the pleasant conviction I have experienced at Dendera and Esne, of the completeness of Scripture truth, has made every Roman site interesting to me. The zodiac is hardly less interesting than those of Dendera and Esne. We were walking along here, when we met with an incident which accorded well with the worship of the place. A ferocious bull had just broken the rope that had fastened him to the stump of a palm-tree, and one of my boatmen with his bright red tarbouch, seemed to arouse his indignation. The hideous roar with which he bounded at him, enlisted alike my fears and interest for the poor Berber, who, turned towards him, stood awaiting, as I thought, transfixed with fear and resignation. The huge animal was tearing up the ground,

first with one horn and then with the other, and nearing him every instant. (He was the very largest of his species, and might have been a good representative of Apis, his ancestor, and all of these animals are fine at Hermonthis, and of a noble breed of cattle.) But, preserving his dignity as a deity but poorly, the worshipped divinity of Hermonthis (in times when the Greek Strabo voyaged here) was now kicking up the dust, and nearing every leap the poor Arab, who was already in my fancy gored. We held our breaths in intense excitement. I wished for my gun to put a ball through the animal's heart; but the Arab was wiser than we thought him, for as the animal was within two feet of him, he jumped directly at his front, and grasped his horns. It was done so quickly and handsomely, and changed our intense eagerness for his escape into such a hearty roar of laughter at his agility, that I could only compare it to Waterton's escape from an alligator, by leaping on his back and riding him; or a negro dodging a shark in Port Royal harbor. But he held the bull fast, though he pawed and leaped ferociously, till one of the Arabs unloosing the strip of cotton from his tarbouch, which formed his turban, tied his feet together, and bound him fast to a date-tree.

The scenery from Thebes to Esne has some bold characteristics, and one rock over the river, upon which stands a convent, has outlines of beauty which would vie with the Highland precipices of Scotland. The boatmen were highly excited at reaching Esne; my reis having a wife and children there, and the rest all "intimate friends." They were singing all night to the *gals* of Esne, almost in the same way that the sailor does to the New-York *gals* when bound home. As for ourselves, we were too much interested in the zodiacs, and bishops and temples of Esne, to feel their enthu-

siasm, but we had some curiosity to see the Almé dance in its perfection, by women who had been favorites of Ibrahim and Abbas Pacha. The temple was the first sight ; the capitals are beautiful, made of the *lotus* leaf ; but how it looks after Thebes ! What a half Roman, half Egyptian species of architecture ; and then the columns covered with dog deities, and that disgusting animal worship in the sculptures, showing such degeneracy of art under those vile Ptolemies and Emperors. It was the city of Latopolis, city of the Fish, who was worshipped here ; some say of Latona, or Bubastis, or Diana. Certainly the *chaste* Diana is not the deity here now, neither do travellers come here to worship her. The eighteen hundred ladies who are sent up here, by Mohammedan Mollahs, virtuous, pious priests of Turckdom, would tell you, that they did not *know* any such lady. The temple has been cleared out, though huts surround it, and you must stoop to enter. It is used as a warehouse by the Pacha. Several mummies are lying here, but they would not allow us to have one. The view of Esne towards the mountains after walking through the town, is exquisite ; it has a rich fertile plain and many beautiful situations. On the opposite side is a sand bank, and a troop of horsemen with the bright trappings of a Turk *distingué*, are starting to cross the desert of Ababdie and thence to Berenice, and across the Red Sea. In the burning sun their weapons and the sand shone with a powerful glare. Berenice had great commerce once, and with Kosseir was the great port for crossing the Red Sea. I had seen in the temple the tendency of Roman art here, which had even degraded Egyptian, and found all the doubts urged by Fourier futile. The temple bears the works of most corrupt mythology, and dog-headed divinities cover its walls.

On the portico of Esne, whose astronomical zodiac is judged to be far older than that of Dendera, I distinctly read the names of the Roman Emperors Claudius and Antoninus Pius, with which Champollion fixed irrevocably the age of the zodiacs, and refuted the infidelity of Dupuis and his colleagues, that then fashionable infidelity in Paris, which is not respectable now even there: but Letronne, in his "Critical and Archæological Observations upon the Zodiacs," has sufficiently gone over the ground, and with his able classical archæological learning, given much interest to a question, which requires only a boy's glance at the temple and architecture of Esne to settle. In his notice of the zodiac painted upon the mummy coffin of Trajan's time, he proves that *all* the zodiacs date from that Emperor's time.

The evening of our arrival at Esne was set apart by my friend's dragoman for a great exhibition of the Almés. *Sophia*, of whom Warburton speaks so feelingly, had grown old. *Coutchuchany* was not to our liking, as being too popular; but *Hanim* seeming to combine a certain kind of reputation with a not too great publicity, to her house we accordingly repaired, to see a *fantasia*. Several girls had assembled there—Circassian, Arab, Turkish; some pretty, and dressed in loose trousers and closely fitting jackets, their heads ornamented with abundance of gold coins. Their singing or chanting rather pleased us; it was a sad and interesting tune. Their dancing I could never greatly admire, though some of their motions are difficult and extraordinary. The quantity of *aqua vitæ* they drank positively disgusted us; and the only thing at all interesting, was the shrewdness of a member in purloining the wine and brandy which had been provided

from my friend's boat for the dance, before it reached the dancing-room.

Our curiosity upon the subject led to the explanation by a little Georgian girl, whose dancing and singing was far better than that of any, as to how it was disposed of. She could not speak a word of any language we could understand. She had been banished from Cairo or Alexandria, as the eighteen hundred women of Esne were, for too unrestrained construction of Turkish conjugal relations; but had been brought up in Stamboul, and was a present from a Bey there. She succeeded in showing us, by the most expressive gestures and flashings of the eye, that our dragoman had given the stores of wine and brandy to *Hanim*, as a gift of friendship; and at the conclusion of her story, looked into my face, and uttered, "*Wallah thayeeb*"—"By Allah! that is a good joke, is it not?"

The Arnaouts scattered through Esne are the terror of all; but I saw only ten or a dozen prowling about, and am rather inclined to think that Warburton's romantic incident with them borders upon the imaginative. Those I saw gathered around the Governor's house were a wild-looking set of dogs, not at all doing justice to their brother Albanians who had so charmed me in the Gulf of Corinth. As to Thackeray's* recommendation, that Mohammed Ali should serve them up the same sort of breakfast that he did the Mamelukes, I think it would be a very foolish affair, for the poor Greeks who are scattered through Egypt have the worst enemies in their own vices and passions.

The Bishop of Esne is one of the noble pillars of the Christian Church of Egypt. He has enjoyed a high reputation for many years; and I have heard many Copts speak of him in

* Cornhill to Cairo.

terms of affectionate respect. The convent church is conspicuous here. He has educated many of the young Copts, who have perfected, under the Rev. Mr. Leider, and his lady, at Cairo, their knowledge of true Christianity and English.

Just out of Esne are tombs, some of Christian martyrs, and doubtless of some who fled from Medinet Habou.

The Pacha's daughter is here, in her steamboat ; and we take a walk down the sands to look at the plain of Esne behind. She is now old, but has been a handsome woman.

My friend took my firman and called upon the Governor, who received him kindly, stocked his boat with coal, and refused to receive any money ; which your dragoman always interprets as a polite invitation for you to send him in return a watch, or a gun or pistol, or powder flask. So, you see, the Turkish Pachas are knowing fellows, and in "cuteness" they might almost compare with the "down-easters" of our own land. I have seen several instances of this peculiar kind of generosity, for which these Turkish Governors are distinguished ; and, not being overstocked with watches, guns, or pistols, I let the "Governor" alone. My friend was welcome to my firman, and, with a very expensive powder flask, and some few pounds of shot and powder, managed to get off from the Governor pretty well : so I did not get the laugh on him I expected.

Among the songs of the Almehs, were many which have been translated by St. John, Warburton in his "Crescent and the Cross," and Lord Lindsay ; and though they have drawn somewhat from fancy, I would not attempt to improve them. The famous one of the Arab girl chiding her lover, he has dwelt upon. There was one in particular that struck me, where she says her lover has gone on a far pilgrimage to

Mecca. It is accompanied by a chorus of several voices to the sound of the Sakia, and with a dance is significative of the ideas.

Esne is the last frontier town in Upper Egypt. The last of the properly Egyptian temples are at Edfou ; and, though we wished to see sacred Philæ, Elephantina, the colossi of Ipsamboul, the temples of Dair, and the beautiful piles of Dakke ; still the heat of Esne—for it was now February—and a pain in the eyeballs, that led me to fear a touch of ophthalmia, made me anxious to return, as there was nothing that I so prized as my eyes. Turning back from the grottoes of Eilythias, which have been well described by travellers, where the threshing song is represented :

“Tread ye out for yourselves,
Tread ye out for yourselves,
The straw ;
For men who are your masters,
The grain,” &c.;

we turned back to Thebes, already half unexplored. Opposite the town of Esne, and a short distance above, stretches a wide plain, and here we saw a caravan starting on the great desert. A Turkish officer at Esne, who was with the Pacha's daughter, was with them ; and the beautiful trappings of his suite were glittering in the sun. They were crossing down to the great oasis.

The scenery above Esne is peculiarly beautiful, the mountain rocks are distinct, and contrast with the desert most admirably.

A traveller, who had been to Ipsamboul, one of our Scotch friends, who left us above Esne, on his return to Alexandria,

told me, were he going again he would not go above Thebes. One certainly gets all in Karnac that any one can find of stupendous grandeur. I had seen there, and at Dendera and Esne, memorials of the palmiest days of ancient Egypt, and the eighteenth dynasty. I had seen the decline from that period. I had seen the latest, even down to Roman sway, and began to think of returning.

We saw here some of the Bishareh, who differ from the Ababbie Arabs, both of whom are to be seen here in the bazaar.

Abyssinia.—

“By Meroe’s isle, whose shadow half way falls.”

Above Egypt, of which we have reached, at Esne, the last frontier town, lie many places of interest. Philæ, with its temples; Elephantina, Dadour, and Dehod; Kalabshe Dirr, Guerf Hassan, Korosko, and Ipsamboul; Dakke, the stronghold of Egyptian magic; Wady Halfa, where not only Burckhardt, Belzoni, and Lord Lindsay, but thousands of English travellers have recorded their names; Aboosimboul, with its colossi, its temple of Hathor, Wady Sibou, and those places upon which the guide-books are scant, the history little known, the history little read;—all these, as well as those between us and the first Cataract, the beautiful temple of Edfou—the most beautiful in Egypt; the quarries of Hajjar Silsilis, and the quarries of Egypt’s architecture, the cataracts—all these I leave to my readers, and the interesting works of Warburton and Lord Lindsay. Nubia, Dongola, Sennaar, and then comes Abyssinia, with its capital Meroe, where Candace of the New Testament reigned (*Acts*). Hoskins has described it in his Ethiopia. Beyond, the country is rich from its Christian history; the king of Thau, Sabela Selasse, calls

himself descendant of Solomon and Queen Sheba. All this, and a hippopotamus hunt at Khartoum, the junction of the White and Blue Nile, I leave, as well as the giraffe hunting in the mountains of Gondar, to English and American * travellers.

After this, we would speak of the source of the White Nile, which a friend of mine, M. D'Abaddie, has, with his two brothers, all French gentlemen of fortune, been employed in investigating, and which he has pretty conclusively settled. He has spent ten years there, and his results have far excelled those of Major Harris.† The region of El Hamyra, where he traces the source of the White Nile, has been fully laid down before the Geographical Society; and whoever will investigate the subject, will find in the discussions of Dr. Beke and Mr. Ayrton, of the Geographical Society of London, all upon the subject. His Christian discoveries are full of interest, and he denies the existence of cannibals, or *anthropophagi*, in that country. He describes his difficulties in that region most picturesquely; the impossibility of procuring provisions particularly—where in one place he could not procure even a sheep. I have been much interested in his accounts, as well as in those of some Frenchmen I met in Cairo, who had just returned. Shendy, and its king Tiger, Shenda, Dongola, Sennaar, and Khartoum, in Nubia, where the Pacha's garrisons are; the Blue Nile and White Nile, have been fully described.

There is another Abyssinian traveller,‡ of a noble family

* Dr. Anderson last year went to Wady Halfa.

† His exploration of the Diddesa branch, which is separated by the Dolmus from the Andah desert. He penetrated to the Kaffa and Sura tribes, who are enemies. The yet unexplored part of the White Nile lies between D'Abadie, Yeouker-isle, and d'Arnaud's Yeouker ferry.

‡ Mr. P——s.

in England, of a large fortune and extended circle of friends, whose virtues of heart have been rendered too susceptible only by intercourse with exacting English society, and who for reasons, which only show the noble texture of his character, has absented himself from England for years, and spent his life in the most distant part of Abyssinia. With only his dragoman and servants, he dwelt here in his hut. He was so useful to the people, whom he treated as a father, that he became their confidant in all their troubles. Before him they came when their flocks were menaced by robbers, or their little stores menaced by the tyrannous exactions of the Pacha's soldiers, who occasionally penetrated to their frontier. He was chosen a king among one tribe, and in all his relations with that rude people governed himself by the same rules of society and honor, as in his own country, in England. He has been long known in Egypt, particularly in Cairo, by a numerous circle of friends, and I am proud to add my name to the list.

Should these pages ever meet his eye, I trust it will be on his own estate in Nottinghamshire, and among the civilized advantages of a land to which he is an honor.

We turned our boat and descended the river. We had seen all, and all we had to do was to float down. Now we would visit some town on the shore for provisions, or an Almé dance, or a bath, and always found alike interest and amusements. On leaving Thebes several English boats had arrived there, and two American flags, one of which belonged to an Episcopal clergyman. We passed two boats also with an English flag, in which were two brothers of a distinguished English name. But the weather was becoming unpleasantly warm in the Said, and it would be high time for Palestine and Syria. But

why explore them? I would not step a foot into Syria, without exploring alike with Balbec and Palmyra, also Nineveh, Babylon (or Hillah) and Persepolis; and for the caravan route from Aleppo to Bagdad, which is the only mode of crossing the Syrian desert, and reaching Babylon, and the sites of Assyrian and Chaldean sway, I am not prepared. Nineveh,* Babylon, Persepolis, what testimonies ye can bear to Scripture! and yet are these alone? Are there not in my own land testimonies alike, in the sepulchral mounds, in the ruins of Central America, Chiapas, Yucatan, in the temple of the Sun, and the mythology of the Aztecs, in the geology of the Mississippi? Now then to America, that land of prosperity, Christianity and truth; and as they turned my boat, I thought of those *rarely* quoted lines:

“Lives there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is mine own, my native land:—
Whose heart within him never burned,
As homeward he his footsteps turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand?”

How many who have never tried it, have spoken of the *intolerable* boat voyage of the Nile; but to me and many others who have been through it, it was nothing but pleasure. All along before, we had been leaving Europe and civilization, and sailing far into the past, into the regions of time, “where he so sadly overcometh all things, and sitteth semi-somnous on a pyramid, and looketh into old Thebes, and mumbleth something.” But now with sadness I saw one city after another passed, and each one bringing us nearer Cairo and civilization.

* Layard's Nineveh was not then published.

How I was planning with Suleiman, another visit, to come with my wife, should I by that time have one ; and supposing that, by that time, he would have soared from the command of a *Sandal* to that of a *Cangia Dharbieh*, or *germ*.* “Inshallah,” all the Arabs replied, and each one vowed to go with us if I came to the farthest sources of the Nile, in Abyssinia or Ethiopia. I stopped a moment at Gaw or Antæopolis.

Gaw, or *Antæopolis*.—I did not expect much here from the accounts of all travellers, though I landed ; the wind seemed to be lessened ; I rambled over the site and few ruins of Antæus, the *dog-devoured* huntsman demigod, whom the Greeks have worshipped. At *Gau-el-Kebyr* or Great Gau, there are a few ruins, while at *Gau-el-Gharbieh* or West Gau, there are scarcely any ; the richness of the wheat crops here, now in maize, green and flourishing, confirmed the account of the grain wealth of this region since the times of the ancients. The groves and woods were all full of game then, and here Antæus and his hounds (they thought) chased the prey. St. John mentions the decay of ruins since Dr. Richardson’s time, but since then they have dwindled to a few stones and bricks.

We stopped at different towns besides. Tel-el-Amarna and its grottoes, of which little can be said. Indeed, I would look at no antiquities after Thebes, save for research, and where you can find most of them copied in Wilkinson and Rosellini, it is lost time. Float down then, and think of home, and

* The largest boats on the Nile measure 280 feet in length, these are the *germs* for grain and inundations—the travellers’ boats, are the *maash*, *dashabeh*, *cangia* and *sandal*, having cabins, divans, &c. Osiout is the great boat-building port, and we see every variety here down to the *maadil* or ferry-boat, and the *garib* or fishing-boat.

the objects and purposes of life. "Look no longer mournfully into the past; go forth to meet the future without fear." There is a wide field in the new and opening world of our land, and we dream no longer.

What do we owe to Egypt? I would not have seen in the Holy Land any evidences of the source of worship; but here, on the Nile, I saw the Hebrews; in Beni Hassan the customs from which theirs sprung; in the tombs of the kings in Biban-el-Memlook, the faith which was taught them by Joseph and Moses.

I have not so fully investigated the hieroglyphics as to speak confidently upon many points; and I think such a use as Lanci and others have made of their knowledge is of little value, involving one in numerous mental difficulties, finding here and there abundant allegories, fancied resemblances, &c. But the real use of the hieroglyphics,—the names, dates, and plain histories, which one can now determine without a doubt, is no loss of time. I can never regret the use they have been to me in settling these, more than the Hebrew, more than any other language, by the records on the permanent works, the enduring monuments.

The convents from this down the Nile, have been dwelt upon by travellers. Numerous Christian ecclesiastics have fled in earlier times here, and built in the natural grottoes of these mountains a refuge and a home. John of Lycopolis at Sciout, and among some of those above us, St. Athanasius, fled hither from the persecutions of Julian the Apostate, and his Arian enemies. Perchance, here he composed that creed so famed. The Italian begging monks of the Gebel-el-Teir have been spoken of by Warburton, St. John, Dr. Richardson, Dr. Olin, and Stephens. I saw none of them. From the convent above,

it is said you may get a distant view of Mount Sinai. Here is the Egyptian Esdraedlon, where Typhon and Osiris are to fight in the last day, champions in the cause of creation.

Walking ashore with my gun, I saw a specimen of the ichneumon, or rat-catcher ; which, since the time of the Pharaohs, has been common in Egypt.

I have, I believe, seen specimens of all the animals in my walks along the Nile,—buffaloes, sheep, goats, dogs, cats, the wolf, fox, and jackal ; every thing but the lion. Stephens has an account of a hyena that jumped on to his boat. I have seen few travellers in Egypt who had seen any ; but I have fancied I have heard their cry often in the distance. Since *Barnum*, of the *Museum*, has had his agents in Egypt hunting for hyenas and enormous crocodiles, I presume the race have become almost extinct. I have seen the lynx ; the jerboa, a species of kangaroo ; and as to birds, have shot at the ibis and wild goose, pelicans, vultures, falcons, wild ducks, pigeons, hawks, eagles, buzzards ; and all the night birds,—owls, bats, &c.

Minieh we visit again on our way down, and find it not much changed. Some rare stories of the new sway of Abbas Pacha reach us here ; and the reappointment of Governors in these provincial towns, and the characters of his choice, fully demonstrate what his future sway will be. On we continued, and a fine wind and current is taking us nearer and nearer to Cairo. What conflicting emotions ! How long since we have seen or heard European news ! and yet we are not at all anxious, for the valley of the Nile has been so interesting ; and now we are fairly down, we regret that we did not go higher, to Abyssinia or Ethiopia. However, there is much yet untravelled in the world, and we have not yet seen the luxuriant

scenery of the Amazon, or the volcano mountains of Brazil and the Andes.

It was a lovely night ; and gliding along, I could almost imagine myself the young Greek of the "Epicurean," save that, alas ! the prospect of no beautiful priestess, like her of the shrine of Isis, was cheering me with hope, like him,

—— " on one of those sweet nights
When Isis, the pure star of lovers, lights
Her bridal crescent o'er the holy stream ;
When wandering youths and maidens watch her beam,
And number o'er the nights she hath to run
Ere she again embrace her bridegroom sun."

And where are the shrines of Isis that graced the banks, and in subterranean temples extended to Lake Mœris ?

Let us back again, through revolutionary Europe ; through a Rome without a Pope, an Italian republic persecuted by its sister republic ; through a France governed by the shadow of a name.

The wind carried us by noon past Benisoef, and before night we passed the *false pyramid*. Soon Dashoor and Abousir pyramids hove in sight ; after, the well-marked and terraced, mound-like Saccara pyramids. Then Fostat, once a great Mohammedan city ; and in the haze of twilight, far to the north, Ghizeh, and Cheops' mighty works.

Late in the evening, we approach the outskirts of Cairo. How beautiful the river for miles before reaching Cairo !—with the palaces, and military schools, and colleges, and institutions, and hospitals, with which the banks are lined. Music floats along the sacred river ; Rhoda and her sacred tradition again ; and we are again among the Nile shipping near Boulacq.

It was past twelve o'clock, P. M., on one of the latter days of February, when I ordered my boatmen to haul in at the very place I had embarked from forty days before, near the transit office. Stephens speaks of his finding Cairo like home; but his impressions could not compare with mine. Boulacq seemed to me like New-York. I rushed on shore with Antonio, determined to reach Cairo, gates, guards, no password, to the contrary notwithstanding. The sound of the *sakia* and some late *fantasia*, an old Turk returning with his attendant and light from a prolonged carouse, were all that broke the silence. In vain I urged Antonio to go with me to the gate; he only said it would cause our arrest and expose us to ridicule. I returned to my boat, but sleep I could not. I rose again: the moon was like day. Antonio was snoring. To sleep that night at Shepherd's hotel I was determined; I called my tall cook, the Turk Beekra. On we started for Cairo or Masr. He understood only Arabic. We passed the well-remembered spots on the road from Boulacq, which I remember promenading one night with a noble young Englishman, now in Damascus. Two men were before us. They might be Arabs; we had heard of murders without the walls. We walk slowly and silently along; they before us. They cross the bridge, we follow. Ten minutes, and we gain on them as they approach the gate. They give the password, and the gate opens. We rush forward just as they are passing through, to gain admittance, by pretending to be of their party; but imagine my surprise, when they accosted me with "Mr. —, how do you do?" Those whom I had avoided as Arab vagabonds, were two English acquaintances who resided at Cairo, returning from dinner with Dr. W——t and Mr. M——n, of New-York, who were at Rhoda, on their way up. I hurriedly inquired the

password. "Koursoumakhah," they answered, and we stepped within the gate, congratulating ourselves on the providential meeting that seemed almost romantic, for I could not have passed the gates that night had I not met them; for as Abbas Pacha had returned, they were very strict. In five minutes I was in Shepherd's, and shortly asleep in the old familiar hotel.

CHAPTER VII.

Cairo.—View from Esbekiah.—Abbas Pacha.—Illuminations.—Women in the East.—Defterdar Bey.—A Moslem Lucrezia Borgia.—Memphis.—Pyramids.—Sacred tradition.—Alexandria.—Farewell to Egypt.

How beautiful the view from our hotel top in the Esbekiah at sunset; the thousand objects of interest studding the loveliest of landscapes! To the east, over the sea of mosques and oriental houses, lies the citadel with its mosque on the spot of its founder's crimes. Below is the square of Esbekiah, with its trees and planted walks and gardens, now lighting up with a thousand lamps in illumination of the return of Abbas Pacha. Around, towards the desert, the old mosques, and spires, and ruins, and tombs of the Cairo of the Caliphs. Further on, old Cairo with its beauties, and by it the thousand palaces of the Beys and Pachas, that hang over the beautiful Nile, and Rhoda with its beauties and associations. Further on to the west, stretch the plains of Memphis, where stood the first of Egypt's cities, and conspicuous against the rich glow of an Egyptian sunset, the awful, lofty pyramids. Never could we turn to objects of more interest, of modern or ancient times. Down the landscape floats the Nile,—Boulacq, Cairo's port, and farther to the south, the beautiful avenue of Shoubra, and the palace and gardens of Egypt's lord. Near is the Coptic and Jewish quarter of modern Cairo. Towards the citadel lies the Turkish quarter, with its mosques, its bazaars, its baths, and around through the near streets, the

thousand objects that tell of the rich orientalism of the city. And the air is so delightful ! Not, perhaps, what the air of Upper Egypt is, nor such as ten days since I breathed on the plains of ruined Thebes and Esne, nor such as cheered my lungs, as I sailed up and down the lovely, lovely Nile ; but a rich atmosphere of delight, nevertheless.

Feb. 16th, Abbas Pacha returned from Constantinople to Cairo. He had been there to visit the Sultan, after receiving from him the appointment of Hatti Sheriff. His entry into Cairo was brilliant, with the cortége of carriages and retinue of mounted cavaliers. The city was all joy ; and in the evening, all the principal streets and bazaars were brilliantly illuminated. In the Esbekiah were the fireworks. Those of every nation, and many riding on camels, were thronging the thoroughfares in the most picturesque costumes. The turbaned Turks, in crowds on foot ; the Caireen women, the Copt in his white and muslin ; and the Jew in his dark, close-fitting robes, the Bedouin in his wild desert dress, the Arabs in the burnouses ; boatmen of the Nile, Effendis on horseback, with armed attendants and blacks, less distinguished Caireens on donkeys, Arab women with simple dress and unveiled faces, and numberless Franks with ladies, and alone, formed a panorama as you walked through Cairo, worth seeing. It was a joyful evening,—and how well behaved the people,—how different from an European or American holiday ! How little drunkenness and bad conduct ! Surely Christians might come to the East to learn manners. “I never saw,” says an English gentleman, “such courtesy, such good-humor, such an absence of rudeness, and such happiness, in any city.” Indeed it was beautiful.

Defterdar Bey ; that *pious* member of the Geographical

Society of Paris, and his daughter. Among the many stories told of the ferocity of this wild beast in human shape, not the least interesting are those of the tamed tigers he kept on the divan beside him, and which frequently amused themselves in devouring his Nubian slaves. His daughter lived upon the west side of the river in her palace, and it was her common amusement to walk through the streets of Cairo, and if she saw a young Frank who attracted her attention, she would send her eunuch to bid him follow her. Were he unfortunate enough to do this, he never returned from her house. One young Frenchman, upon whom she thus cast her eyes, was thus bidden by a eunuch, and not daring to disobey the summons from such a powerful person, took the precaution of arming himself with pistols. After passing the night in her harem, in the morning she parted with him most affectionately, and giving him presents to disguise her intentions, as she had doubtless done frequently to her previous lovers, he left the harem, and two of the eunuchs accompanied him to the top of some stairs, which he perceived led rather mysteriously down a dark passage. Suspecting foul play, and observing both of the eunuchs had their hands on their sword-hilts, he pulled out both pistols, and ordered them to lead the way. This they did, and on arriving about half way down, he perceived a sort of landing-place, or trap-door, which was raised, and below ran the river. Here the eunuchs paused, and drew their swords; but he cocked his pistols, and placing one to the ear of each, ordered them to proceed. Upon reaching the bottom, he leaped from the steps, while they ran back to get assistance. He was unable to cross the river, and, as it was scarce daylight, succeeded in getting into the outskirts, and concealed himself in the straw in an old hut of a ruined village about a

mile up the river. He heard the voices of several of the black eunuchs, who had traced him through the villages by the barking dogs, but remained quiet till night, when, proceeding further up the river, he crossed there in a boat; and going to the Mokaattam mountains, arrived at Cairo on the other side next day, having not dared to enter a village for food. He went immediately to the French Consul, and told his story; but what would his protection have been to one who had the character and secret of the daughter of Defterdar Bey in his hands? and any "dog of a Christian" would be easily disposed of. So, upon the advice of the Consul, he left Cairo, and went to Alexandria, where he took passage for France. The disappearance of many young and handsome Franks, more adventurous than prudent, was thus accounted for; and this was the last instance known of one who had been in danger of being sacrificed to gratify the passion and save the reputation of this Egyptian "Lucrezia Borgia." Franks in Egypt were not protected as now, and the despotic and ferocious will of the daughters and sisters of the Beys and Pachas, particularly under the Mamelooks, caused many a parallel circumstance.

The Indian mail across the Isthmus has made Egypt a progressive country. But Turkish rule keeps back their improvement. The contractors for the route at the stations on the desert, have to give large sums, *backsheesh*, to the Pachas or Beys, or they throw obstacles in their way.

Among the plagues of Egypt and the routes to Syria are the dragomen. There is an understanding always between the hotels and the dragomen, and hence one is as apt to have a bad as a good one. The best way to get dragomen, is to ask some one in Cairo to whom you have letters. The English

travellers from England and from India always spend some days in Cairo, and frequently weeks. This furnishes you always with society for the length of time you choose to remain. Returning from the Nile and in your way to Syria, it is always customary to take a house, as you have all necessary articles. The expense of a trip up the Nile will vary from \$250 to \$500, according to your boat; and \$250 would cover the journey from Cairo over Syria to Damascus. Colonel Outram was one of the English residents last winter in Cairo, and went up the Nile. He, as resident of Baroda, in India, enjoyed almost absolute power. Life and death being at his will, as are the Rajahs' lives or deaths at the Governor General's. His quarrel with Lord Napier, and the Scinde affair, is well known.

The increase of English influence in India is more and more apparent. "The character of Abbas Pacha," says a late traveller, "before he was Pacha, exhibits a union of ferocity and vice, for which we find a parallel only in the Roman Emperors." The worst vices of the worst Turks degrade him. In his new palace, built at Cairo, his absolute power is made to minister only to his pleasure. Seyd Pacha, though wanting in mind, would have made a far more hopeful governor. Of the other sons of Mehemet Ali, one was conspicuous in the storming of the Chateau d'Eu, at Paris, last winter; and the others, as I have said, on attempting to return to Egypt, were sent away by Abbas, for fear they should promulgate some of those revolutionary opinions which they had learned in France. Just before leaving Alexandria, several of the ships of the Egyptian fleet were reported to have been sold by Abbas to the Sultan.

Some of the finest society at Alexandria is that of the

wealthier Greeks. The lady of one of the transit agents, a Greek, is beautiful. The famous banker, Sitzy, has often been spoken of. Many a face of Greek outlines would not do discredit to the reputation of the ancient Corinthians.

In the custom-house at Alexandria, and Boulacq, the port of Cairo, you see an air of business, and a crowd that has interest from the oriental costumes of those engaged in it. In the Pacha's offices are those miserable Italians and French, who exercise most contemptible authority upon all imports and exportations of antiquities, although your baggage is allowed to enter more easily than in the Italian or French Doganas. These French renegades and Italian tools of his, who are scattered through the country as Beys, Governors, Lieutenants or Hakims, are fine Arabic business men, and in many cases use their power with more moderation than their superiors; but what system of agriculture can thrive when the Pacha holds the *allodium*, giving out his land to the peasants, and furnishing them with cattle and seed, requiring them to give him a part as his right, and to sell the rest at the price he may dictate? Will not the inhabitants ever aim at duplicity and deceit, and concealment; and all ambitious industry, which would otherwise be a spur to these naturally persevering and bright Arabs, be thus checked? And that system of horrid *enlistment*, or pressing of the people into the military by conscription, has been dwelt on. Every other Egyptian has an eye put out, or a forefinger cut off. To prevent this, the Pacha made a *one-eyed* regiment. It would seem that ophthalmia were curse enough. The poor, poor Egyptian, always cursed, always plagued!

He was not without the religious feeling, ever. In the dawn of history, we see him a worshipper. The poor, de-

graded man of the Nile, when he saw the sun rising driving away the mists—the glorious sun—giving life, drying the mud, warming the crocodile's egg, the seed, into life—the good, *bright* sun, making his toil productive, and putting warmth into his limbs,—he raised up his hands and worshipped it. It was a worship of gratitude and love. It is on their first names, their first cartouches, the Sun-Father; then the twenty-six gods or stars. To him it was the generator and regenerator; and as for immortality, as soon as the idea was fully taught, under the Ptolemies, to the people, the destruction of life by suicide was incalculable. “We shall leave,” they said, “this world of suffering and oppression, of ophthalmia, and of poverty, and we shall go to a better; for no life can be worse.” Poor, poor Egyptian! under thy Pharaoh Mœris—under thy Abbas Pacha—I have an exceeding great respect for thee, even in thy mud hut—even in thy home that thou scrapest in the bank, with the single clay utensil that thou hast. Thou never camest from the mud of the Nile, though thy body was made of red earth. There is a part of thee that has lived before the sun—that will live when it rises not.

Women in the East.—My remarks on this subject are few and far between. I love women—but I never found them in the East. I found only the old, withered hag of the harem, who is every where to be seen in the streets; and occasionally caught glimpses of the pretty *Odalisque*, whose face was never to be seen unless enveloped in the *yaschmak*. To him who lives in his imagination and in the past, as he who goes to Egypt must, for the time women are a nonentity. Woman—woman with soul, that other part of man—she is never

to be seen in the beautiful East, unless by chance an English lady traveller strays there, or one from our own bright land.

True the Pachas have toys—the Beys, the Turks, all have toys; they dress them in silks, in rare tissues; they feed them with sweetmeats; and the fatter they are, the more they prize them. They have, and so have we, dogs whom we treat thus; we have canaries whom we cage; and these are your women in the East.

Cairo, in the eight weeks that I have spent in it, before going up, and now, is exhausted: and now for the voyage down the river to Alexandria. This is a simple affair. Twenty-four hours does it, and you have no *bed*, which is the bore. Thackeray, in his *squib* about the East, “Journey from Cornhill to Cairo,” fully dilates upon it. The voyage was not four days, as when I came up from Atfeh, and I have not so much time to observe the formation of *that* Delta. I am not a geologist, but I believe that six thousand years ago, Nubia was as well endowed with soil as Egypt, and that the Creator *did not*, as the geologists say he did, (sneeringly,) make that Delta at the creation *ready-made*; but that six thousand years has formed it—Lyell and others to the contrary. I am supported in my opinion of this by eminent geologists with regard to the Nile, if not the Mississippi.

After passing Shoobra, and bidding farewell to the Pyramids for ever, we wind through the luxuriant fertility of this valley, through the palm groves that we gaze on for the last time. Dr. Lallemand, *Membre de l'Institut*, is on board, and his wife and son, and Mr. Danton. I had seen their names in the tombs of the kings, and we compared notes. Observing the Mahmoudieh canal winding like the Nile, I was struck with a remark M. Lallemand quoted from the Turks; viz., that the

had purposely made it so, because they did not wish to excel God in making it straight; and this was Turkish philosophy in medicine and every thing else, viz., "*Laissez faire*." Numerous India Englishmen are on board; passing a village with mosques, I heard a servant remark to her companion, that those mosques were *idols* which the Turks had erected to their gods. At Atfeh, we entered the Mahmoudieh canal, which looks as it did nearly four months ago. The same crowd of Arab boats, the same Arab row, the same line across the canal, the same transit agent. Farewell, then, to the Nile, for ever, beloved, sacred river—to thee and thy sweet waters, for which, like the exile, we would sigh till we drink again. May these ever gush from the emerald mountains beyond Meroe; may the wonders of art ever adorn thy banks, and this be the only steamer that ploughs thy waves where Moses was found, and Cleopatra's barge floated with its oars of silver.

Alexandria came in sight towards sunset, (after winding down the bank of Lake Mareotis, which is alive with its wild-fowl,) with its pillar, its distant obelisk, its consular flags, its tall shipping. We land where we embarked to go up the Nile with our solitary Arab boy and boat, and an *omnibus* whirls us into the square before the Hotel d'l'Europe.

The admittance of Nile waters into Lake Mareotis has made the city much more healthy. Shooting game there, you perceive the noxious exhalations proceeding from it.

CHAPTER VIII.

Alexandria.—The Frank quarter.—Pompey's Pillar.—The Obelisks.—Thothmes.
 —The Pharos.—Obelisk of alabaster to Mohammed Ali.—News from France
 —Celebration of Proclamation of Republic by French.—Expulsion of Pope
 from Rome.—America and California—President Taylor and new Cabinet.—
 Anxiety for home.—The row of buildings belonging to Ibrahim Pacha.—
 Alexandrian society.—Bankers, merchants.—English—English Church.—
 New Church building.—Catholic Convent, and new Catholic Church.—Chev.
 d'Anastasi's museum—its use to Egyptian science.—Mr. Harris's museum.—
 Russian Consulate—Russian vessels of war—Dockyards.—Egyptian fleet.—
 Saracenic ruins, walls, towers.—Ruins temple Arsinoe.—Catacombs *ycleped*
 Cleopatra's baths.—Site and ruins of Sarapeum—site and ruins of library—
 Site of Theatre.—Palace.—Canopus' baths.—Bazaar.—Promenades.—Italian
 Church and Italian beauties.—The Italian Opera and Cafés.—Italians and
 Levantines.—Rides.—Sayd Pacha's Palace.—Orange groves, and exquisite
 view.—Arab city under the Caliphs.—Mosque of a thousand and one columns.
 —Canopus.—Supposed tomb of Alexander.—Turkish quarter, and customs.—
 Mohammed Ali's palace and gardens.—Alexandria under the Ptolemies—
 Cleopatra—Antony—Pompey.—Old Egypt's splendor.—Aboukir, and Nelson's
 field of victory.—Abercrombie—Bazaars, and Moggrebyn Arabs.—Modern
 Alexandria.—Two sons of Ibrahim Pacha.—Arab soldiers.—Etesian winds.—
 Cameo of Naples, "Tazze Farnese."—Homeward bound.—Farewell to
 Egypt.—Candia, or Crete.—Straits of Messina, Mount Etna, Coast of Italy,
 Spezzia, and quarantine.—Tuscan soldiers.—Lombardese.—Austrians.—Italian
 liberty.—Marseilles.—Avignon.—Lyons.—Paris.—Zodiacs.—France, and a
 President.—Bibliotheque.—Assyrian Museum.—London.—Chevalier Bunsen.—
 "Egyptologists," British Museum.—Mr. Birch.—Layard.—Nineveh.—Major
 Rawlinson.—Voyage home.—New-York Bay.

NEXT morning we were promenading this motley city, or
 riding about on our donkey to see the lions; which, to avoid

enumeration, we have placed at the head of our chapter. In the bazaar you may see numbers of the Moggrebyn Arabs and those from the Libyan desert; and though you feel it excessively dull and unoriental after Cairo, still the Nile and desert Arabs, Turks, Syrians, Bedouins, English, French, Italians, Jews, Greeks, Russian and American officers and sailors, the large English commerce, and English captains and sailors, make it almost as variegated a city as San Francisco must be.

The museum of medals, &c., belonging to that fine Egyptian scholar and antiquarian, Mr. Harris, has been frequently spoken of; and the museum of C. d'Anastasi, the Swedish Consul-general of Egypt, now in London, has furnished many Scripture illustrations and proofs.

“Nam qua Pellæi, gens fortunata Canopi.”

GEORGICS IV. 285.

Canopus, built on the western side of the Nile, was termed Pellæan, from Pella, in Macedonia, the birth-place of Alexander. Canopus on the west, and Pelusium on the east, are described in the Georgics of Virgil. In the catacombs, on the plains, in the few old ruins, (among which are the baths of Cleopatra, and at which there is nothing to see,) are all to be seen of the once great city of Alexander. His tomb was here, but nothing else. And yet African as Alexandria looks, when you first arrive from Europe, now, returning from four months up the Nile, it seems more European than Europe. Walking with M. d'Abaddie, who was so many years in Abyssinia, I could not but be amused at his saying of it with contempt, “This European, *unoriental* town!”

Near the docks is the site of the temple of Arsinoe, and while exploring this, you can glance at the fine palaces,

whose latticed harems hang over the water. The pillar, called Pompey's Pillar so erroneously, was erected by Publius in honor of Diocletian. Some suppose an equestrian statue stood upon it; but to me it seemed only to be one of a number of columns of an edifice, and I supposed it belonged to the Sarapeum. Here, it is said by Adrian, in his letter to Servian, that both Christian Jews and Gentiles worshipped Jupiter Serapis.

About the time that I reached Alexandria, two sons of Ibrahim Pacha were returned; and Abbas not liking their presence, very coolly gave them orders to leave in twenty-four hours. The French steamer was forced to return with them. The Pacha, on his return from Constantinople, as well as from Mecca, just before his accession, made the engineers many splendid presents. The engineers of the steamers hold the rank of naval officers in the Egyptian fleet, and wear the insignia.

There was enough to wear out a few days at Alexandria: there was Mohammed Ali's fine palace, and there were the Arab baths; there was Mr. Harris's collection, and shooting, with a Greek, along Lake Mareotis. There was the Italian Theatre and the Italian Cafe; there was Canopus' and Cleopatra's baths; and the picturesque shore, and a gallop along the bay of Aboukir; and there was the English Church on Sunday, and a pleasant Sunday evening walk along the road to Rosetta Gate and the Cleopatra obelisk; and then there was Pompey's pillar, and the ruins of the library; the Turkish bazaar, and the Arab bazaar; and silk-dealers of *robes*, and embroidery from Damascus; and Greek dealers in Roman antiquities; and the French Consul, and the *Fêtes de Republique*; and the English merchant fleet, and the

English Consul ; and fresh news from California, and my own dear land. Not a day was without its many scenes of interest.

Now a regiment of Arab soldiers file through the streets ; now a Dervish meeting ; now an overland mail from England, and you fancy you are walking down Regent Crescent in London ; now from India, and you can see Calcutta afloat ; now a French steamer, and a crowd of French adventurers, leaving the new *republic* for the *republic's good*. I have been more than four months in Egypt, and it is not yet a bore.

I would gladly, if time permitted, build up old Greek Alexandria as it was, out of the ruins. I amused my fancy with the picture of the past, when Cleopatra ruled, and

“ The barge she sat in, like a burnished throne
Burned on the water : the poop was beaten gold,
Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that
The winds were lovesick with them ; the oars were silver.”

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Alexandria, whether it be Greek, Roman, Christian or Patriarchal, Saracenic, Turkish, French, English, or that of the family ruling thee now :—It is all in history. Here in the days of the Greek Emperors a scene is described. “ Along the banks of the green island in the middle of the stream, lay anchored the galleys of the principal traders, large floating bazaars, bearing each the name of its owner, emblazoned in letters of flame over its stern. Over the decks were spread out in gay profusion the products of the loom and needle of Egypt, rich carpets of Memphis, and likewise those variegated veils, for which the female embroiderers of the Nile are so celebrated, and to which the name of Cleopatra lends traditional charms.

In each of the other galleys was exhibited some branch of Egyptian workmanship, vases of the fragrant porcelain of On; cups of that frail crystal, whose hues change like those of the pigeon's plumage; enamelled amulets graven with the heads of Anubis, and necklaces and bracelets of the black beans of Abyssinia." Such was the Alexandria of the Greeks!

It was after the season of Etesian winds, whose beneficent influence the Egyptians represented by angels;—I recalled the celebrated Egyptian cameo in Naples, in which Horus, Alexander and Ptolemy are represented, and the Etesian winds with their veils. The exquisite beauty of the sculpture of this vase, which is called the *Tazze Farnese*, I remembered with pleasure.

No such luxury is seen here now, but you may see the rich houses of the modern Greek, or of the transit agents, English merchants, consuls and Levantines; you may see the fine palace of Mohammed Ali; the palace and luxuriant orange groves of Seyd Pacha; you may see the English vessels of war and merchandise, and American frigates; threatening Russian consuls and Russian brigs; you may see the rich vegetation along Lake Mareotis, and thriving commerce in modern Alexandria, re-establishing her magnificence, and repaying to Egypt the lessons of science and philosophy, and art and luxury that she has taught the world.

The Greeks pride themselves upon some relics said to be of St. Catharine, who suffered martyrdom. Their church and cemetery, like that at Cairo, is well worth visiting.

I shall bid my reader farewell with an incomplete chapter, to which I give him only the headings. In the pages of guide-books and travellers, he will find these places all described, and what interest have these when Paris invites to her

repositories of books and art. We long again to saunter through the Jardin d'Hiver, or the concerts of the "Conservatoire," or to hear the rich tones of Alboni at Her Majesty's, in London; to see Marié Taglioni, or Carlotta Grisi starring it in the "Lost Pleiad," or Caroline Rosati in "La Prima Ballerina," and to hear the soft tenore of Mario or Moriani, or rich bass of Lablache and Tamburini. Paris, London, those homes of science, where you can travel in your arm-chair, in your Assyrian museums and Asiatic societies, in your saloons of savans;—why linger in dusty old Egypt longer?

For the mounds and records of our own land, for Uxmal, and Chiapas, and Yucatan, for California and its progressing civilization, which he who first struck his spade in the Sacramento so little foresaw; for proofs of Scripture among the Mexicans, the Peruvians, for the luxuriant scenery of the Amazon, and all that Humboldt has laid open in North and South America: for AMERICA! let us leave the time-honored land with thankfulness for the truths that she has taught us. I bade farewell to Egypt. In a few days we made the coast of Candia or Crete, and saw the green mountain where Jupiter was fabled to have been born. One bright morning we stood under clear Mount Etna, a familiar mountain which I had scanned on Sicilian ground before. Messina was underneath, the scene of Neapolitan massacres. A few days brought us to Spezzia in Italy. Quarantine over, to Marseilles, Avignon, Lyons, Paris, Old Egypt's relics there, juggling zodiacs, dusty *tomes* in her Bibliothèque—London and her museums I faithfully explored; but this time with pleasure, for Egypt had become part only of a grand whole of faith.

It was a bright Sunday morning in August, that I sallied from my hotel in Broadway, and crowds of well-dressed men

and women thronged the thoroughfares of this busy, Christian city. Through the aisles of Trinity the organ was pealing, and voices went up chanting praises to Heaven. As I stepped in, the lesson was reading in Deuteronomy, chapter iv, and of parts of it, the words seemed meant for me. "But the Lord hath taken you and brought you even out of Egypt. If from thence thou shalt seek the Lord thy God, thou shalt find him, if thou seek him with all thy heart and all thy soul," &c. Yes, what is conviction of truth, from science, from history, from Scripture, if we follow not in our lives the commandments of God, and the teaching and example of our Divine Master?

Reader, my wanderings among ruins will occupy you no longer, unless Nineveh, Babylon, Persepolis, Chiapas, Yucatan, or Mexico should entice me to their palaces, sepulchres and mounds.

APPENDIX.

A.

Astronomical Monuments in Egypt.

THERE were at Esne, Dendera, Hermonthis, tombs of the kings. Two were at Dendera, at the portico of the great temple ; two at Esne. The four contained the twelve zodiacal constellations, of which the signs succeeded according to modern zodiacal interpretations.

Twelve constellations are placed upon a plane which stretches two parallel ways, forming a spiral curve or ellipsis, which you see in the zodiac at Dendera, and which is now in the royal library at Paris. Virgo or the Virgin is the first in that of Esne. Leo first in that of Paris. After Desraix brought to France the "discovery," they found an astronomical phenomenon ; the first sign of each zodiac is that of the solstice at the time when the two temples were constructed. The temple of Dendera, when the two solstices are at the sign of the Lion, according to this rule, dates 4000 years before our epoch, and that of Esne 7000 years, having the sign of the Virgin. The zodiacs have in their order a date from 5000 to 10,000 years, and yet the temples which contained these pictures are nearly the most modern in Egypt. This was the report to Napoleon, by his librarian ; Dupuis's opinion is given.

Laborde admitted that the first signs were those of the zodiacs ; effaced the Virgin at Esne ; placed the solstices at the left of the Lion ; gave 3500 years to Esne, and 2000 less to Dendera. Laborde considered the temples at Esne and Dendera, as the memorials

of the successes of Alexander. See Fourier, "ressume litteraire de ses recherches sur les antiquities astronomiques de l'Egypt." Fourier says the Egyptian sphere carries us back to the twenty-fifth century before the Christian Era. At this time, observations made known the first elements of Astronomy. The epoch of the restitution,* he then dilates upon. Here is the origin of their laws and most ancient rites.

Recherches sur les sciences et le gouvernement de l'Egypt.—Fourier, in his description of Egypt, says an epoch which differs little from two thousand years has preceded the construction of the temple of Dendera, and that is posterior to that of Latopolis or Esne. These temples belong then (as the epoch of the zodiacal institution 2500 years, B. C.) to the civil history of Egypt. The monarchy then existed in all its forms, obeying wise and constant laws. Experience had fixed the principles of government and cultivated arts from time immemorial. They had produced the monuments of Esne, and reproduced them in the temple of Isis, at Dendera. Fourier concluded, therefore, that at the twenty-fifth century before the Christian era, the Egyptian monarchy was flourishing by knowledge of laws, manners, and arts, and reasoning that the sphere and calendar of two zodiacs was instituted, and therefore, at the twenty-first century, B. C., the temple of Esne and its zodiacs was constructed, that Dendera was built after this epoch. Hence, if these temples, which were the most modern in Egypt, were built 2100 B. C., to what a distance back could the dates of such buildings as Karnac and Thebes be carried. The French fashionable infidelity was on the tiptoe of delight. Biot, the astronomer, thought he could recognize astronomical features still more strange in the zodiac. The French philosophers already began to talk of 10,000, 20,000 years for Egypt's history, and the materialist to claim that the earth always existed. The zodiac was brought to Paris. Geologists, deists, atheists, all were delighted, and Scripture revelation they supposed had received its death blow.

Alas! "the tongue of a dog was made medicinal to a sickly Lazarus," and *this lie* in the same way proved useful to diseased truth. The discovery of the Rosetta Stone and the hieroglyphic alphabet by

* See Nolan's remarks upon the restitution in Egyptian Chronology.

Champollion, in Sept., 1822, lightened all doubts. The temples of Dendera and Esne were shown to have been built in the Roman age of Egypt, and they bear the names of the emperors, Hadrian and Antoninus. "Autocrator" had been cut off from the zodiacs when brought to Paris. On Esne, the names of Claudius, Titus, Domitian, Trajan, Antoninus, and Septimus Severus, were found, thus proving that it was built in the first century before Christ, and yet Fourier claimed 2000 years. At Dendera, even in the most ancient Roman part, you find the name of the last Cleopatra, and a list of the sovereigns who after her had assembled to its construction, viz. : Augustus, Tiberius, Caius, Claudius, Nero. Besides the names which were found sculptured upon them according to the design published by the French Commissioner of Egypt, was an imperial Roman title of Claudius and Nero.*

Having obtained a familiarity from Champollion's *Grammaire* and *Dictionaire*, and Wilkinson, with the signs and records I should find there, I saw the names clearly in an instant of these Roman Emperors. But the impression I received was so lively from the first glance at the temples of both Dendera and Esne that they were Roman, that I think any classical schoolboy would recognize the same. I felt how paltry were the efforts of the French infidels, how malicious their attempts by such scientific jugglery to cast a doubt upon the word of God. True science and true philosophy will only find in the glorious works of the Almighty, and true historical records of the race, the glorious confirmation of his word. All that these men have done, and all that kindred Chronologists or Geologists can do, has only brought and will continue to bring greater truths to light. By the persevering efforts of the French skeptics we gained the farther knowledge of the hieroglyphics which Champollion gave us, and the Egyptian scholars of the day, who detract in any manner from the completeness of Scripture, only awaken a spirit that leads to farther Scripture proof and continued confirmation.

* For a conclusion of the history of this matter, see Champollion Figeac, Fourier, and Napoleon, and Chronology.

B.

Christianity and the Church in Egypt, Ancient and Modern.

Mr. Leider, the English Missionary in Cairo, and rector of the Episcopal Church in the Place Esbekiah, which I frequently attended, may be almost said to be at the head of the Coptic Church in Cairo. The Coptic patriarch calls him his father, allows the young Copts to go to his school, and sanctions the distribution of tracts of the Church. His scholars in the nizam dress add interest to the service by reading clearly the English. He has studied fully the Coptic language, and says that it bears a relation to the Sanscrit alone of all living languages. As to affinities with the Gipsy language, the name of Copt is doubtless derived from *γυπτ* or vulture, the name of Egypt, and in the Copt you perceive characteristics of the ancient Egyptians. In the finely chiselled features of a young Copt in Cairo, educated by Mr. Leider, I could see a resemblance to one of the Egyptians in the tombs of the kings which showed all the marks of the same race. The head of the Church, the patriarch of Alexandria, like the patriarch of the Greek Church, answers to the Pope of Rome, deriving his descent from St. Mark, and is at the head of a church that has nobly preserved its unity for eighteen centuries, which Athanasius has adorned ; (but we leave this to Church History ;) he has now little left but his title. He is elected by the fathers of St. Anthony or the convents of the Natron lakes. Next him is the *Mutram* or bishop, who is appointed by the Egyptian patriarchs ; one is sent to Abyssinia to preserve its branch there. The superiors of the convents are called Gommos, next to the bishop ; and the monks or priests have the title *aboona* or fathers.

The Copts have the character of being avaricious, sensual, and hypocritical. They dress in black turbans and robes and seem a blasted race. Some are very rich, and have several wives and slaves. One living next to our hotel on the Esbekiah, had a beautiful *odalisque*, who sometimes came to the window adorned with gold and jewels. Some are officers of the government. They frequently embrace Moslemism for a valuable marriage, and many Moslem corruptions have crept into their service, which, like their ancestors'

religion (the Egyptian), is administered by the priests in a Coptic tongue, not understood by the people. In Cairo they are scribes, tailors, jewellers, and perfumers, and club in one profession in different places.

Still corrupt as the Church is, we cannot but look upon it with interest. In their fasts, the longest of which is Lent, and their libraries of the Church fathers, and in the stern integrity in which for certainly thirteen centuries, and perhaps eighteen, they have maintained their religion, we must look upon them with hope.

Of the seven convents which alone remain of the numbers once in Egypt, the two of St. Anthony and St. Paul, seventy-six miles across the desert from Benisooef, (whose patrons are St. Anthony of the Thebaid and St. Paul or *Mar Bolus*, by whom they were founded,) and the convents of the Natron lakes, St. Macarius, and Dayr Suriam (built by Honnes a holy personage), Amba Bishoi and Dayr Baramous, the latter rather Greek and the rest Coptic, and of the Arabic, Coptic, Syriac MSS. which they possess; Curzon in his narrative of the Levant and Wilkinson in his Hand-Book fully treat. Their fasts are long, they must never marry unless with virgins, they reject images but regard pictures. There are other convents throughout the Nile, a visit to some of which I have described. Here the priests marry, but are much respected. These are Gebel Coskam in Upper Egypt; Dayr el Adra or Gebel-el-Tayr, Bibbeh, Boash, Negadeh, Aboo Honnes, Amboo, Samoud, in the Fayaum; Girgeh, Abydos, Ikhmim, Mellawi, Sook Feshieh, near Menoof; Amba Shnoodah, near Soohajz; the Red and White Monastery El Shenood.*

The White Monastery El Shenood.—This monastery is visited from Soohajz. It was founded by the Empress Helena, is built in the style of an Egyptian temple; a long oblong building with a cornice. It stands alone with scarce a tree about it in a wide vast plain. It was with difficulty that I could get admittance. The monks have separate cells, and these are in the sides of the building. We found only a few books of the Romish service here. I had half promised my friend of the *propaganda* at Ikhmim, that I would visit this monastery. It is perhaps the only building in the world at present, where Christ's

* In this convent I was shown the name of St. Athanasius written in Coptic.

religion is practised in a church of ancient Egyptian style of building. It is sometimes called the *Dair* or temple. This, as well as the convents of the Natron lakes, and those of Tahta, and Girgeh, and Thebes, and Negadeh, have been fully described by Curzon, in his monasteries of the Levant. The monks are willing to receive donations from you, and the manner they have of showing this here, as well as in all those up the river, makes you feel as if they were hardly of your religion.

Beside these convents, there are three in the city of Cairo, two at old Cairo, one of which has beautiful gardens, where the patriarch resides, and a beautiful view. And in one the grotto is shown where the virgin lived :

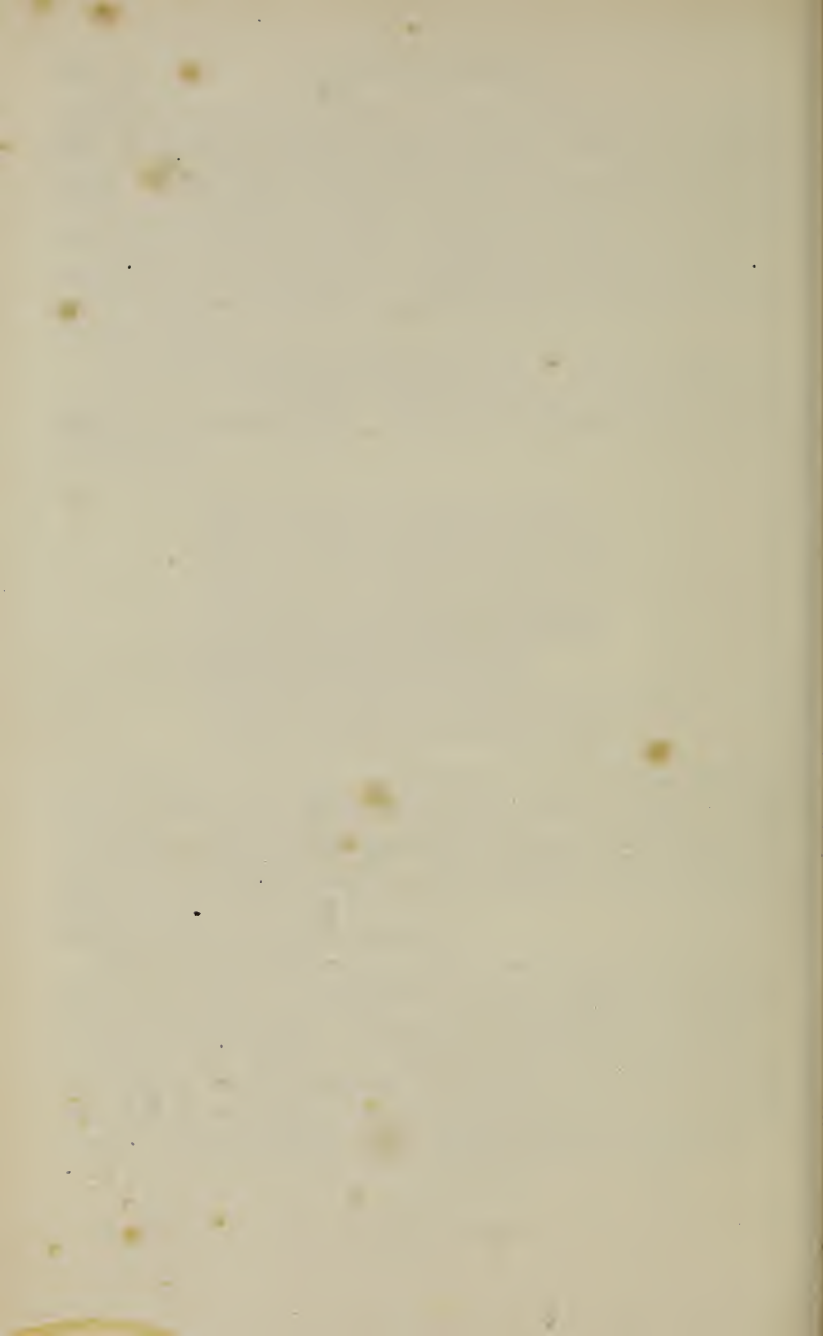
“ Under a palm-tree by the green old Nile,
Lulled on his mother's breast the fair child lies,
With dove-like breathings and a tender smile,
Brooding above the slumber of his eyes,
While through the stillness of the burning skies,
Lo, the dread work of Egypt's buried kings,
Temple and pyramid beyond him rise,
Regal and still as everlasting things,
Vain pomps ! from Him with that pure flowing cheek,
Soft shadowed by his mother's drooping heart.”

I would not put aside the traditions that in this grotto the Saviour, with his mother and Joseph, had rested while in Egypt. That at the sycamore-tree which grows near Heliopolis they stopped, or that at this fountain they drank. It is a pleasant old tradition, certainly as good and authentic as many of those which the Roman Catholic priests get up at Jerusalem.

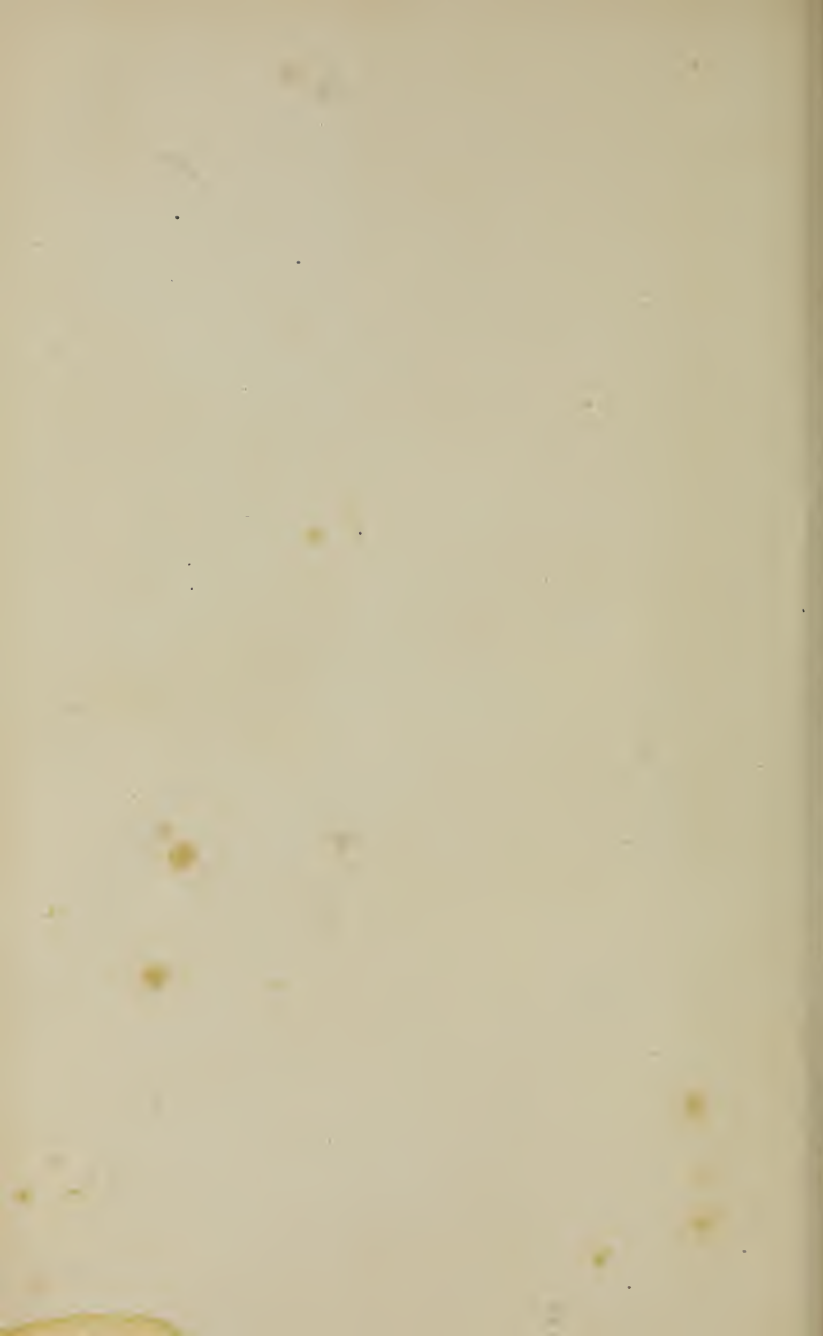
The Church of St. George. There stands a convent where they show you the grotto of St. Sergius, and where, says tradition, Mary and Joseph lived and slept. Near lives the patriarch of Alexandria.

There is one convent at Alexandria, which is called the convent of St. Mark. The Copts here pretend that they possess the head and body of St. Mark, but Leo Africanus says, that the Venetians carried it away. It is filled with paintings of his martyrdom and mission.









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